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THE

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THE ALLEN HOUSE;

OR,

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXII.

I was shocked and distressed by the painful revelation which Mrs. Dewey had made to Constance. A sadder history in real life I had never heard.

A few days after this memorable visit to the Allen House, a note was received by my wife, containing this single word "come," and signed DELIA.

"Any change in the aspect of affairs?" I inquired of Constance on her return.

"Yes. Mrs. Dewey has received notice, in due form, of her husband's application for a divorce."

"What has she done?"

"Nothing yet. It was to ask my advice as to her best course that she sent for me."

"And what advice did you give her?"

"I gave none. First, I must consult you."

I shook my head and replied,

"It will not do for me to be mixed up in this affair, Constance."

Worldly prudence spoke there.

My wife laid her hand upon my arm, and looking calmly in my face said,

"The right way is always a safeway."

"Granted."

"It will be right for you to give such advice as your judgment dictates, and therefore safe. I do not know much about law matters, but it occurs to me that her first step should be the employment of counsel."

"Is her father going to stand wholly aloof?" I inquired.

"Yes, if she be resolved to defend herself in open court. He will not sanction a course that involves so much disgrace of herself and family."

"Has she shown him the letter you saw?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I think she is afraid to let it go out of her hands."

"She might trust it with her father, surely," said I.

"Her father has been very hard with her; and seems to take the part for granted. He evidently believes that it is in the power of Dewey to prove her guilty; and that if she makes any opposition his application for a divorce he will hold her up disgraced before the world."

"This letter might open his eyes."

"The letter is no evidence of her; only a witness against him. It does not prove her innocence. If it did the it would turn toward her a father's averted face. In court its effect will be to throw doubt upon the sincerity of her husband's motive and to show that he had a reason, back of alleged infidelity, for wishing to be divorced from his wife."

"I declare, Constance!" said I, looking at my wife in surprise, "you have taken upon yourself a new character. I think the case is safe in your hands, and that Mrs. Dewey wants no more judicious friend. If you were a man you might conduct the defence for her to a successful issue."

"I am not a man, and, therefore, I come to a man," she replied, "and ask the aid of his judgment. I go by a very straight road to conclusions; but I want the light of your reason upon these conclusions."

"I am not a lawyer as you are aware, Constance—only a doctor."

"You are a man with a heart and common sense," she answered, with just a little shade of rebuke in her tones, "and as God has put in your way a wretched human soul that may be lost, unless you stretch forth a saving hand, is there any room for question as to duty? There is none, my husband! Squire Floyd believes his daughter guilty; and while he rests in this conclusion, he will not aid her in anything that points to exposure and disgrace. She must, therefore, if a vigorous defence is undertaken, look elsewhere for aid and comfort."

I began to see the matter a little clearer.

"Mr. Wallingford is the best man I know."

"Mr. Wallingford!" I thought Constance would have looked me through.

"Mr. Wallingford!" she repeated, still gazing steadily into my face. "Are you jesting?"

"No," I replied, calmly. "In a case that involves so much, she wants a wise and good defender; and I do not know of any man upon whom she could so thoroughly rely."

Constance dropped her eyes to the floor.

"It would not do," she said, after some moments.

"Why?"

"Their former relation to each other precludes its possibility."

"But, you must remember, Constance, that Delia never knew how deeply he was once attached to her."

"She knows that he offered himself."

"And that, in a very short time afterwards, he met her with as much apparent indifference as if she had never been to him more than a pleasant acquaintance. Of the struggle through which he passed, in the work of obliterating her image from his mind, she knows nothing."

"But he knows it," objected Constance.

"And what does that signify? Will he defend her less skillfully on this account? Rather will he not feel a stronger interest in the case?"

"I do not think that she will employ him to defend her," said Constance. "I would not were the case mine."

"Womanly pride spoke there, Constance."

"Or rather say a manly lack of perception in your case."

"Perception of what?"

"Of the fitness of things," she answered.

"That is just what I do see," I returned. "There is no man in S——— better fitted for conducting this case than Mr. Wallingford."

"She will never place it in his hands; you may take a woman's word for that," said my wife confidently. "Of all living men he is the last one to whom she could talk of the humiliating particulars involved in a case like this."

"Suppose you suggest his name to her. Twelve years of such a life as she has led may have almost obliterated the memory of that passage in her life."

"Don't believe it. A woman never forgets a passage like that; particularly when the events of every passing day but serve to remind her of the error she once committed."

"I don't know what else to advise," said I, "She ought to have a good and discreet man to represent her, or all may be lost."

"Would you have any objection to confer with Mr. Wallingford on the subject in a private, confidential way?"

"None in the world," I replied.

"Will you see him at once?" The interest of Constance was too strongly excited to brook delay.

"Yes, immediately."

And putting on my overcoat I went to the office of Mr. Wallingford. I found him alone, and at once laid the whole case before him—relating, with particularity, all that had occurred between my wife and Mrs. Dewey. He listened with deep and pitying attention; and when I was through expressed his opinion of Dewey in very strong language.

"And now what is to be done?" I asked, going at once to the vital question.

"Your wife is right," he answered. "I can hardly become her advocate. It would involve humiliations on her part too deep to be borne. But my aid she shall have to the fullest extent; and it will be strange if I do not thwart this wicked scheme."

"How will you aid her?"

"Through her right attorney, if my advice as to the choice be followed. You know James Orton?"

"Yes."

"He is a young man to be relied upon. Let Mrs. Dewey put the case in his hands. If she does so, it will be, virtually, in mine."

"Enough, Mr. Wallingford," said I. "It looks more hopeful for our poor unhappy friend, against whom even her own flesh and blood have turned."

When I gave Constance the result of my interview with Mr. Wallingford, she was quite elated at the prospect of securing his most valuable aid for Mrs. Dewey. Orton was young, and had been practising at the bar for only a couple of years. Up to this time he had not appeared in any case of leading importance; and had, therefore, no established reputation. Our fear was that Mrs. Dewey might not be willing to place her case in such inexperienced hands. In order to have the matter settled with as little delay as possible, Constance paid an early visit to the Allen House, and suggested Mr. Orton as counsel. Mrs. Dewey had not even heard his name; but, after being assured that I had the fullest confidence in him, and particularly advised his employment, she consented to accept of his services.

Their first interview was arranged to take place at my house, and in the presence of my wife, when the notice Mrs. Dewey had received on the institution of proceedings, was placed in the young lawyer's hands, and some conversation had as to the basis and tenor of an answer. A second interview took place on the day following, at which Mrs. Dewey gave a full statement of the affair at Saratoga, and asserted her innocence in the most solemn and impressive manner. The letter from her husband to the lady in New York, was produced, and at the request of Mr. Orton, given into his possession.

The answer to Mr. Dewey's application for a divorce, was drawn up by Mr. Wallingford, who entered with great earnestness into the matter. It was filed in Court within a week after notice of the application was received. This was altogether unexpected by the husband, who, on becoming aware of the fact, lost all decent control of himself, and ordered his wretched wife to leave his house. This, however, she refused to do. Then she had her father's angry opposition to brave. But she remained firm.

"He will cover you with infamy, if you dare to persevere in this mad opposition," he said.

And she answered—

"The infamy may recoil upon his own head. I am innocent—I will not be such a traitor to virtue as to let silence declare me guilty."

There was a pause, now, for a few weeks. The unhappy state of affairs at the Allen House, made it hardly proper for my wife to continue her visits there, and Mrs. Dewey did not venture to call upon her. The trial of the case would not come up for some two or three months, and both parties were waiting, in stern resolution, for the approaching contest.

One day I received a message from Mrs. Dewey, desiring me to call and see two of her children who were sick. On visiting them—the two youngest—I found them seriously ill, with symptoms so like scarletina, that I had little question in my mind as to the character of the disease from which they were suffering. My second visit confirmed these fears.

"It is scarlet fever," said Mrs. Dewey, looking at me calmly, as I moved from the bedside after a careful examination of the two little ones.

I merely answered—

"Yes."

There was no change in her countenance.

"The are both very ill."

She spoke with a slow deliberateness, that was unusual to her.

"They are sick children," said I.

"Sick, it may be, unto death."

There was no emotion in her voice.

I looked at her without replying.

"I can see them die, Doctor, if that must be."

Oh, that icy coldness of manner, how it chilled me!

"No hand but mine shall tend them now, Doctor. They have been long enough in the care of others—neglected—almost forgotten—by their unworthy mother. But in this painful extremity I will be near them. I come back to the post of duty, even at this late hour, and all that is left for me, that will I do."

I was deeply touched by her words and manner. The latter softened a little as she uttered the closing sentence.

"You look at the darkest side," I answered. "With God are the issues of life. He calls us, our children, or our friends, in His own good time. We cannot tell how any sickness will terminate; and hope for the best is always our truest state."

"I hope for the best," she replied, but with something equivocal in her voice.

"The best is life," I said, scarcely reflecting upon my words.

"Not always," she returned, still speaking calmly. "Death is often the highest blessing that God can give. It will be so in the present case."

"Madam!"

My tone of surprise did not move her.

"It is simply true, Doctor," she made answer. "As things are now, and as they promise to be in the future, the safest place for these helpless innocents, is in Heaven; and I feel that their best friend is about to remove them there through the door of sickness."

I could not bear to hear her talk in this way. It sent cold chills through me. So I changed the subject.

On the next day, all the symptoms were unfavorable. Mrs. Dewey was calm as when I last saw her; but it was plain from her appearance, that she had taken little if any rest. Her manner towards the sick babes was full of tenderness; but there was no betrayal of weakness or distress in view of a fatal termination. She made no anxious inquiries, such as are pressed on physicians in cases of dangerous illness; but received my directions, and promised to give them a careful observance, with a self-possession that showed not a sign of wavering strength.

I was touched by all this. How intense must have been the suffering that could so benumb the heart. That could prepare a mother to sit by the couch of her sick babes, and be willing to see them die. I have witnessed many sad scenes in professional experience; but none so sad as this.

Steadily did the destroyer keep on with his work. There were none of those flattering changes that sometimes cheat us into hopes of recovery, but a regular daily accumulation of the most unfavorable symptoms. At the end of a week I gave up all hope of saving the children, and made no more vain attempts to control a disease that had gone on from the beginning steadily breaking away the foundations of life. To diminish the suffering of my little patients, and make their passage from earth to Heaven as easy as possible, was now my only care.

On the mother's part, there was no sign of wavering. Patiently, tenderly, faithfully did she minister to her little ones night and day. No lassitude or weariness appeared, though her face, which grew paler and thinner every day, told the story of exhausting nature. She continued in the same state of mind I have described, never for an instant, as far as I could see, receding from a full consent to their removal.

One morning, in making my usually early call at the Allen House, I saw, what I was not unprepared to see, a dark death sign on the door.

"All over," I said to the servant who admitted me.

"Yes, sir, all is over," she replied.

"Both gone?"

"Yes, sir; both."

Tears were in her eyes.

"When did they die?"

"About midnight."

"At the same time?"

"Yes, sir. Dear little souls! They went together."

"I will go up to see them," said I.

And the girl showed me to the room in which they were laid. The door was closed. I opened it, and stepped in softly. The room was darkened; but light came in through a small opening in the curtains at the top of the window, and fell in a narrow circle around the spot where the bodies, already in their snowy grave clothes, were laid. In a chair beside them, sat the mother. She was alone with her dead. I felt that I was an intruder upon a sorrow too deep for tears or words; but it was too late to recede. So I moved forward, and stood by the bedside, looking down upon the two white little faces, from which had passed every line of suffering.

Mrs. Dewey neither stirred nor spoke, nor in any way gave token that she was aware of my presence in the room. I stood for over a minute, looking upon the sweet images before me—for in them death had put on forms of beauty—and still there was no movement on the part of Mrs. Dewey. Then, feeling that she was with One who could speak to her heart by an inner way, better than I could speak through the natural ear, I quietly receded and left the apartment. As my eyes rested on her a moment, in closing the door, I saw that her form remained as still as a statue.

CHAPTER XXIII.

An hour later, when Constance went to see Mrs. Dewey, she found her in a state of unconsciousness, nature having at last given way. Not long after I left the house, her mother, on entering the room where the children were laid out, found her insensible, lying across the bed, with her dead babes clasped in her arms.

Mrs. Floyd sent word for me to come and see her daughter, as she continued in a lethargic state. I found her like one in a deep sleep, only her breathing was light, and her pulse very feeble, but regular. She was out of the reach of my skill, and in the hands of the Great Physician. I could only trust the cure to him. No medicine for the body would be of any avail here. I called again in the afternoon; but found no change. How little was there in the pale, pinched face that lay among the white pillows, to remind me of the handsome, dashing Mrs. Dewey of a year gone by!

"What do you think of her, Doctor?"

Mrs. Floyd put the question. The tone had in it something that made me look narrowly into the speaker's face. My ears had not deceived me. There was the wish in her heart that Delia might die!

I was not surprised at this. And yet the revelation of such a state of feeling in so good and true a woman as I had reason to know Mrs. Floyd to be, made my heart bound with a throb of pain.

Alas! Alas! into what unnatural conditions may not the mind fall through suffering that shuts out human hope!

"Nature," said I, in answer to the question of Mrs. Floyd, "may be only gathering up her powers after a long period of exhaustion. The strife through which your daughter has passed—calmly passed to all external seeming—has not been without a wasting of internal life.—How she kept on so evenly to the end, passes my comprehension. There is not one woman in a thousand who could have so borne herself through to the final act. It is meet that she should rest now."

"If she were sleeping with her babes, happy would it be for her."

Tears fell over the face of Mrs. Floyd.

"God knows what is best," I remarked.

"She has nothing to live for in this world. A sob broke from its repression, and heaved the mother's bosom. "Oh, Doctor, if I saw the death dews on her brow, I would not weep!"

"Leave her, dear friend," said I, "in the hands of Him who sees deeper into the heart than it is given for our eyes to penetrate. Her feet have left the soft, flowery ways they trod for a time, and turned into rough paths, where every footfall is upon sharp stones; but it may be that a blessed land is smiling beyond. She has been astray in the world, and God may only be leading her homeward by the way of sorrow."

Mrs. Floyd wept as I talked.

"His will be done," she said, sobbing.

"Your daughter," said I, taking the occasion to bear testimony on the favorable side, "has been wronged, without question.—She was, doubtless, imprudent, but not sinful; and the present attempt to disgrace her I regard as a cruel wrong. It will recoil, I trust, in a way not now dreamed of."

"Oh, Doctor, let me thank you for such words!"

And Mrs. Floyd caught my arm with an eager movement.

"I speak only, madam, and from observation and reflection. And I trust to see Delia live and triumph over her enemies."

"Won't you talk with the Squire, Doctor?" She still grasped my arm. "He will not hear a word from me in favor of Delia. Mr. Dewey has completely blinded him."

"Wait patiently, Mrs. Floyd," said I, in a tone of encouragement. "Your daughter is not without friends. There are those upon her side, who have the will and the power to defend her; and they will defend her, I believe, successfully."

A sigh fluttered through the room, causing us both to turn quickly towards the bed on which Mrs. Dewey was lying. Her lips were moving slightly; but no change appeared on her death-like face. I laid my fingers upon her wrist, and carched for her pulse. It was very low and lead-like; but with more vitality than on the occasion of my first visit to her in the morning.

"The signs are favorable."

Mrs. Floyd did not respond. She was looking at her daughter with an expression of unutterable grief upon her countenance.

I did not attempt to give medicine, but left unerring nature to do her own work.

Mrs. Dewey did not again look upon the faces of her dead children. They were buried ere her mind awoke to any knowledge of passing events. Her husband, and closely observed her husband. He appeared very sober, and shed some tears at the grave, when the little coffin were lowered together into the earth.

It was a week before Mrs. Dewey was clearly conscious of external things. I visited her every day, wishing, with deep interest, her slow convalescence. It was plain, as her mind began to recover its faculties, that the memory of a sad event had faded; and I was anxious for the effect when this painful remembrance was restored.

One day I found her sitting up in her room. She smiled feebly as I came in, and said:

"Doctor, shall I never going to get well? It seems like an age since I became sick."

"You are getting on finely," I answered, in a cheerful way, sitting down by her and taking her hand, which was wasted and shadowy.

"I don't know about that, Doctor," she said. "What makes me so weak? I've no more strength than a babe. And that reminds me of a frightful dream I had." And her countenance changed.

"A dream" I queried.

"Yes; I ought Aggy and Lu were both dead! I saw them laid out, cold and white as statues, just as plainly as I see you now."

She stopped suddenly, an expression of fear going over her face—then looked at me in a strange, questioning way.

"Doctor"—she leaned towards me, with lips apart, and eyes full of a sudden, wild alarm. I laid my hand upon her, and said:

"You have been very ill for some time, Mrs. Dewey, and are too weak to bear excitement. Don't let any dreams disturb you."

"Dreams!" Her eyes fell from mine.—"Dreams?" she repeated. "I feel very weak, Doctor," was added, after a few moments.—"Won't you assist me to lie down?"

And she made a movement to rise. I took her arm, and supported her to the bed, where she quietly composed herself, and turned her face away, so as almost to hide it from my view. At this moment Mrs. Floyd came in, and I withdrew, leaving them together.

Memory had been restored. The accompanying shock was severe, but not heavy enough seriously to retard her recovery, which went on slowly. She still remained at the Allen House, rarely meeting her husband, who now spent a large part of his time in New York.

The period fixed for a trial of the case between them was fast approaching. He continued resolute, and she did not waver from her purpose to defend her good name. The deep interest I took in the case, led me to see Mr. Wallingford often, and make inquiry as to the evidence which could be produced in Mrs. Dewey's favor, and the probable chances of an honorable result. We both favored a settlement of the difficulty without a trial and its consequent exposure, if that were possible. But how to prevent this was the difficult question. Finally it was determined to make a copy of the letter found by Mrs. Dewey, and enclose it to her husband, giving him warning at the same time that the original would be produced at the trial.

Nothing was heard in response to this movement, until within a week of the day on which the case was expected to come up, when Mr. Dewey's lawyer called on Mr. Orton to know if it was still his intention to meet them in open court and resist their application for a divorce. On being assured that such was their purpose, he expressed some regret at the consequent damage to the lady's reputation, as they had evidence against her of the most conclusive character. Finally, he wished to know whether, in case a new ground were taken—one not touching the lady's good name—any opposition would be made. Mr. Orton said that he would consult his client, and answer the query with as little delay as practicable.

Mrs. Dewey expressed a willingness to remain passive, provided no allegations were made in the new bill that even remotely cast a shadow upon her virtue. But Mr. Wallingford, on taking the matter into further consideration, advised a different course altogether—no less than an application from the other side, on the ground of neglect, ill-treatment, and constructive conjugal infidelity, based on the important letter already referred to. Mrs. Dewey caught eagerly at this suggestion, as soon as it was presented to her. If a divorce were thus obtained, her vindication would be complete.

The ranks of the enemy were thrown into confusion by this diversion. Mr. Dewey was violent, and threatened most terrible consequences. But when the time set for the case to come up arrived, he failed to appear.

It was from the other side that the next movement came. A divorce was applied for on the part of Mrs. Dewey, in a bill carefully drawn up by Mr. Wallingford. It asked not only for a legal separation from her husband but for alimony, and the possession of the two remaining children. An answer was filed; but it was of so feeble a character as to amount to scarcely anything in the way of opposition. The chief argument was directed against the claim for alimony. The result was as we had anticipated. In the following spring a divorce was granted, and Mrs. Dewey, with her two children, left the Allen House and returned to her father's. The maintainance allowed by the court, was one thousand dollars a year for herself, and five hundred a year for each of the children during their minority.

And so closed this exciting drama, begun in weakness, and ending in hopeless disaster. Oh, a few years! How many broken hearts do they close over? How many wrecks of goodly lives do they see scattered among the breakers!

The interposition of Mr. Wallingford in this case, was so managed as to keep him entirely out of sight, and Mrs. Dewey was never made aware of the fact that he had rendered her a great service.

CHAPTER XXIV.

We did not see a great deal of Mr. Dewey in S——— for some months after this. I heard it casually remarked that he was travelling in the South and West, for a part of the time, on business. The large interests of his firm involved in the two mills, however, made his presence necessary among us, and late in the fall he came back, and remained through the winter residing at the Allen House.

In the spring a rumor got afloat that Mr. Dewey was soon to be married. A lady in New York was mentioned; the same, it was said, to whom the letter found by Mrs. Dewey was addressed. A few signs of renovation at the Allen House gave confirmation of this rumor, which at length assumed a more positive shape.

The intimacy between Mrs. Wallingford and Constance, had grown into a close interior friendship, and scarcely a week passed that an evening was not spent by them together, sometimes at our house, and sometimes at Ivy Cottage. Mr. Wallingford had developed into a man after my own heart; and so, I shared, when professional engagements allowed, in the enjoyment of these pleasant seasons.

One evening Mr. and Mrs. Wallingford came round to spend an hour with us. I was happily at leisure. Conversation naturally falls into the current of passing events, and, on this occasion, the approaching marriage of Mr. Dewey came naturally into the field of topics. This led to a review of the many strange circumstances connected with Mrs. Wallingford's presence in S———, and naturally, to an inquiry from my wife as to the present position of the property left by Captain Allen.

"What about this young Garcia?" said Constance, addressing Mr. Wallingford. "I haven't heard of him for some time."

"He is at school yet, I believe," replied Mr. Wallingford, not showing much interest in the matter.

"He must be nearly of age," said I.

"About twenty, if his years were correctly given."

"He will come into the possession of a handsome property," I remarked.

"Yes, if it can be found by the time he is ready to receive it."

"Can be found! I don't comprehend you, Mr. Wallingford? Do you mean to question the integrity of the men who are executors to the estate?"

"No. But, they have embarked in the same vessel with an unscrupulous villain—so I regard Ralph Dewey—and have, as far I can see, given the rudder into his hands. If he do not wreck them on some dangerous coast, or sunken rock, it will be more from good fortune than anything else."

"He is partner in a very wealthy firm," said I. "The standing of Floyd, Lawson & Co., is, you know, undoubted. He can't wreck our friends Bigelow and Floyd, without ruining them also."

"I was in New York a few months ago, on business," Mr. Wallingford replied, "and it so happened, that I heard the firm of which Dewey is a partner, spoken of. Among other remarks was this, 'They are thought to be very much extended.'"

"What is the meaning of that?" asked Mrs. Wallingford.

"It is understood in business circles," replied her husband, "to mean, that a house is doing too much business for the amount of capital employed, and that it has issued, in consequence, a large amount of paper. Any very heavy losses to a firm in this condition might prove disastrous."

"Too much extended?" said I, thoughtfully; some new impressions forming themselves in my mind.

"Yes, that was the opinion held by the individual I refer to; and he was not one to speak carelessly on so grave a matter."

"If the house of Floyd, Lawson, Lee & Co., should go down," I remarked, "there will be sad work in S——."

"There will, without any doubt," replied Mr. Wallingford.

"The executors to the Allen estate might find themselves in a most unfortunate position," said I.

"Such a position as I would not be in for all the world. Anything but dishonor."

"How dishonor?" asked Constance.

"The whole estate would be, I fear, involved."

"They gave security," said I.

"But the sureties are not worth a tenth part of the sum for which they stand responsible. The Court acted with a singular want of discretion in appointing them."

"You don't mean to have us infer that Judge Bigelow and Squire Floyd have used the funds of this estate for their own purposes, to any great extent?"

"I would not care to say this out of doors, Doctor: but that is just my opinion of the matter as it now stands. Dewey is guardian to the heir, and would favor, rather than oppose, such a use of the funds."

"It might be just so much in favor of the heir," remarked Mrs. Wallingford, "if two-thirds of the property had disappeared by the time he reached his majority; for, from all that I have heard of him, he is not likely to become a man fitted to use large wealth either to his own or any body else's advantage. He was low born and low bred, in the worst sense of the words; and I fear, that no education will change his original quality, or greatly modify his early bias. So while the wasting of his substance is a great wrong in the abstract; it may be a real blessing to him. Events, in this life, work out strangely to our human eyes: yet there is a providence in them that ever educes good from evil."

"If we could always believe that," said I, "how tranquilly might we pass through life. How clearly would our eyes see through the darkest clouds, and rest upon the silver lining."

"Is it not so? Does not God's providence follow us in the smallest things of our lives? Do we take a step that falls outside of His cognizance? We have only to look back, to be assured of this. We may walk on tranquilly, Doctor, for, as sure as we live, no evil can befall us that does not have its origin within our own spirits. All the machinations of our most bitter enemies, will come to naught, if we keep our hearts free from guile. They may rob us of our earthly possession; but even this God will turn to our greater gain."

Mrs. Wallingford spoke with a charming enthusiasm.

"With such a confidence," said my wife, "one is richer than if he had the wealth of an Astor."

"And with this great advantage," replied Mrs. Wallingford, "that he may enjoy the whole of his possessions. Moth and rust never corrupt them; and no man can take them away."

"I have a new book from which I want to read you a sentiment," said Constance, rising, and moving towards the secretary and book-case, which stood in the room.

Mrs. Wallingford rose and went with her.

"It is so beautifully accordant with many things I have heard you say," added my wife, as she took down the volume, and commenced turning over its pages.

After reading a few sentences, and commenting upon them, some remark directed the attention of Mrs. Wallingford to the antiquated secretary, which was the one I had purchased when the furniture of the Allen House was sold.

"I have reason to remember this old secretary," she said. "It was here that the will was found which cut off our interest in the estate of my uncle."

As she spoke in a pleasant way, she pulled out a drawer—the very one which had suggested concealment, when I first got possession of the piece of furniture—and said—

"This is where the will lay concealed."

And she pressed against the side firmly, when a portion of it yielded; and there sprung up another drawer, or receptacle, placed in vertically.

We were all very much interested in this curious arrangement. The drawer could not be pulled out much beyond half its depth; the secret portion lying within this limit.

As I stood looking at the drawer, a sudden thought flashed through my mind, and I pressed my hand against the other side. It began to yield! I pressed harder, and up sprung a corresponding secret receptacle, from which a paper fell out. A hard substance rattled on the solid wood. It was a gold locket, tied with a piece of blue ribbon; and attached, with a seal, to the folded paper.

It was some moments before a hand reached forth to lift the document. It was at length taken up by Mr. Wallingford. As he did so the locket swung free, and we saw that it contained a braid of dark hair. Unfolding the paper, and stepping back to the light, he read, in a low, firm voice, as follows:—

"I, John Allen, being of sound mind, do make this as my last will and testament, revoking, at the same time, all other wills. I give and bequeath all my property, real and personal, to my sister Flora, if living; or, if dead, to her legal heirs—reserving only for my wife, Theresa Garcia, in case she survive me, a legacy of five hundred dollars a year, to be continued during her natural life. And I name as my executors, to carry out the provisions of this will, Doctor Edward ——, and James Wilkinson, of the town of ——, State of Massachusetts."

Then followed the date, which was recent, compared with that of the other wills, and the signatures of the testator and witnesses, all in due form. The witnesses were men in our town, and well known to all.

At the reading of her mother's name, Mrs. Wallingford sat down quickly, and, covering her face, leaned over upon the centre table. I saw that she was endeavoring to control a strong agitation.

I was the first to speak.

"The ways of Providence are past finding out," said I. "Let me congratulate you on this good fortune."

As I spoke Mrs. Wallingford rose from the table, and, going to her husband, placed her hands upon his arms, and looking up into his face, fondly and tearfully, said—

"Dear Henry! For your sake, my heart is glad to-night."

He laid the will down, as if it were a thing of little value, and kissing her said—

"This cannot add to our happiness, Blanche, and may bring care and trouble."

"Not more trouble than losing," she replied, "if rightfully used."

The locket attached to the will excited our curious interest. It was, we feel sure, the same that Captain Allen's mother had sent to him by the hands of Jacob Perth. Doubtless, some memory of his mother stirred by the sight of this locket, had caused him to revoke his former will, and execute this one in favor of his sister. There was no room to question, for a moment, its genuineness. It had all legal formality, and the men who witnessed the signature were living and well known to us all. I was named as one of the executors. So there was some perplexing business before me; for, in taking things as they were, it was not probable that the executors under a former will would be able, promptly, to give satisfactory account of their trust, or to hand over the property in a shape acceptable to the right heirs.

But, of this, more anon. Our good friends went home early after this singular discovery, showing more bewilderment than elation of manner. I think that Constance and I were gladder in heart than they.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ At a representation of Bart's "Don Giovanni," a young coxcomb homed so loud certain airs of the opera as to annoy all his neighbors. An amateur, who sat beside him, unable to bear it any longer said aloud, "What a fool!" "Do you mean me?" said the troublesome fellow to him "No, sir, I complain of Mario, who prevents my hearing you."

☞ THE MIXED STYLE.—In a churchyard of Deskford, near Cullen, Banffshire, is the following epitaph:—

"Hic jacet Johannes Anderson, Ardoniensis,
Who built the churchyard dyke at his own expenses."

☞ We rarely hear of a man committing suicide for want of a loaf of bad; but it is often done for want of a coach.—*Joel Barlow.*

☞ A tourist being informed by the landlord of a certain inn that he must not sleep with his boots on, very considerately replied, "Oh, the bugs won't hurt 'em they are an old pair."

☞ A "cullud pussun," who kept a restaurant in Boston, used to cut hashes into five pieces, instead of four, as was customary, having discovered that his patrons would pay him the same price without noticing the cheat. An assistant in the establishment cut one into four pieces. The keeper's eyes were sharper than his, and it did not escape his notice. His assistant was startled with the demand, "Who cut dat pie so squar?"

☞ If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man could keep his friendship in constant repair.—*Dr. Johnson.*

☞ "DINING WITH DUKE HUMPHREY."—The explanation of this phrase is this: Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, who died in 1446, was the founder of the library called the Bodleian, at Oxford. When a student remained reading in the library during dinner hours, when the doors are closed, it was said to be dining with Duke Humphrey—in other words, dinnerless in the library.—*Ottery.*

☞ An unjust acquisition is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction.—*Taylor.*

☞ LEARNED FOLLY.—Montaigne observes, with his accustomed shrewdness, that, "as there is an abecedarian ignorance which precedes knowledge, so there is a doctral ignorance which succeeds it—an ignorance which knowledge begets at the same time she destroys the first."

☞ A lady asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornament without being proud. "Madam," said the minister," "when you see a fox's tail peeping out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is within."

☞ Women are inclined to fall in love with priests and physicians, because of the help and comfort they derive from both in perils moral and physical maladies. They believe in the presence of real pity, real sympathy, where the tone and look of each have become merely habitual and conventional.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

☞ ACCOMMODATING BEGGAR.—A gentleman replied to a female vagrant who accosted him, that he never gave to beggars in the street. "If I knew where your honor lived, quickly responded the woman, "I'd be after calling at your house, and then I *shouldn't interfere with your arrangements.*"

☞ Was the idea of useless labor never better expressed than in Cowper's line—

——"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

☞ A person was repeating before Martainville the old maxim, "Who pays its debts enriches himself." "Bah!" rejoined Martainville, "that is an idle rumor which creditors are endeavoring to circulate!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMB'R 10, 1859.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy,	and BOTH Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3.00
One Copy	of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
One Copy	of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies	of THE POST,	3,00
Four "	(and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$5,00
Eight "	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty	(and one paper extra, *and* both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30.00

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen,* or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber.

"THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who inclosses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is Four Dollars! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CLUBS! CLUBS!

We trust the friends of THE POST through the country, will see to it that one or more Clubs are formed at the town or Post Office in or near which they reside.

The inducements which we offer to those getting up Clubs, will repay them for the trouble they take in this matter.

Our offer of the large and beautiful engraving, "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," as a premium to every subscriber for 1860, will render the forming of Clubs this year a very easy affair. Where a Club of twenty is formed, each subscriber by paying only $1,25, will get the paper for one year, and a copy of this beautiful premium engraving besides. While the getter-up of the Club, will receive gratis either a copy of the paper for a year, or both of the handsome engravings of Niagara Falls, to compensate him for his trouble. He also, by remitting 25 cents, will receive "The Speaking Likeness" in addition.

Where the Club amounts to thirty, the getter-up of it will receive both the paper for one year and the Niagara Falls engravings also. And, as before, by remitting 25 cents, The Speaking Likeness.

Where the head of a family does not wish to be at the trouble of making up a Club, either of the sons or daughters could take the matter in hand, and entitle themselves, by a little trouble, to at least both the Niagara Falls Engravings. Here is a chance for the young gentlemen and ladies to procure two large and handsome pictures that they do not often get.

By remitting 25 cents to pay the expense of mailing, postage, &c., we will forward "The Speaking Likeness" at once, to any one desirous of forming a club; and, with this, to show to neighbors and friends, a club of twenty or thirty can easily be obtained. For the engraving itself, as every one will perceive, is worth three times what is asked for both it and the paper.

We trust our friends through the country, old and young, will act upon this suggestion at once. We feel that we are offering inducements this year, which, if properly seconded by our subscribers, will be to the advantage of all parties.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

It is very evident from the recent change in the tone of the leading English papers, that John Bull thinks he sees daylight ahead through the French invasion cloud—whether it comes to anything serious or not. The *Times* has indulged itself of late in articles by no means of an extremely pacific character, but rather of the if-you-want-a-fight-come-on-then order—while *Punch* has sharpened pencil and pen, and ridicules and scoffs at the menaces of the French, in a manner by no means calculated to mollify the ire of the Gallic Cock against "perfidious Albion."

We take the explanation of this change of tone to be simply this. The defences of England have been looked to, and greatly enlarged and strengthened—one hundred thousand volunteers are already embodied in the rifle corps, are armed with the best weapons, and have attained much skill in their use—Prussia, connected by marriage with England, has had a private talk with Russia, and restored the good understanding which existed before the contest in the Crimea—and England now has determined to know definitely whether her neighbors mean peace, or mean war, caring very little which, but preferring either to the state of peace-no-peace which has recently existed between them.

We have spoken of the illustrations of *Punch*. In the last number of that journal, the leading illustration is an engraving of the British Lion, seated on his side of the Channel, with numerous vessels of war at his feet,—while, on the other side, is Louis Napoleon, menacing him with a toy dog, which he is causing to squeak "Bow-wow!" Nothing could be more aggravating to the French Army—to say nothing of the Emperor himself.

Another illustration, a week previous, represented John Bull as scoffing at the idea of an invasion, and hinting that he might perhaps save his neighbors the trouble of crossing the water to see him. It thus seems to be the general impression in England that war must come, and, if it must, why the sooner the better.

IN MEMORIAM.

A few days ago a long funeral procession wound slowly up the banks of the Hudson. The pensive beauty of the Indian summer filled the clear, warm day, and the lovely landscape slept in rich autumn light. Softened shadows and mellow splendors lay upon the romantic hills and uplands, and in the wild gorges, and a peaceful glory lit the broad waters of the Tappan Zee. Slowly, through the deep peace of the wide air, passed on the funeral procession, bearing an aged brother, full of years and honors, to the grave. Up through the woodland path, under the elms and maples, on through the quiet landscape and the mellow light, they bore him. Friends, kindred, scholars, civic officers, citizens of every order and degree were there. On by the river where the flags drooped at half-mast, on through the quaint old town, whose streets were draped in mourning, and whose bells were tolled, till at length the procession paused in the old cemetery and the body was laid in the grave. Then rose the solemn prayer, and the burial anthem filled the hearts of the mourners with its sweet assurance—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The grave was now filled, a woman's hand laid a wreath of bays at its head, warm human tears were dropped upon the turf, and the last rites of love and reverence were over.

So in his seventy-seventh year passed away Washington Irving. He died childless. But books are immortal children, Montaigne says, and these are his posterity. He was the golden link that bound the American literature of fifty years ago, then in its youth, with the American literature of to-day, now in its fairest promise. We loved to call him in trite sweet phrase, the Nestor of our American letters. He was one of the first who made our literature respected abroad. The harsh clamor of Blackwood and the savage Scotch and English reviews of that day, melted into music at the name of Washington Irving. He shares with our own Brockden Brown the honor of having first drawn an admiring echo from the caves of Arthur's Seat and the cloisters of Temple Bar.

Perhaps he has been somewhat overrated as an author. His great fame with us finds its data, it may be, in the low condition of American literature at the period when the golden fountain of his genius *first* flashed up to the light of the sun. With the English, it is possible that a style of thought and diction which was indeed a glorified reproduction of Addison's and Goldsmith's, may have bespoken him both favor and fame. Still when all abatement is made, there is a genius which in at least one of his works, is altogether his own, and that work should of itself give him renown. We refer to the "Knickerbocker's History of New York." The jovial and grotesque humor, the picturesque fun, the sunny mockery of that composition, with its graphic delineation of those immortal fairy Dutchmen, make it unique and unsurpassed among the works of the humorists. It is besides thoroughly American, a true birth of our sun and soil, and could not have been produced elsewhere.

His other light works, "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveller," "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," "Wolfert's Roost," etc., are well known. His "Life of Columbus" is, we suppose, his greatest historical composition. It was among the works that gained him one of two gold medals given by the British Government for eminence in historical writing; the other was awarded to the illustrious Hallam. His "Life of Washington" is, we believe, the only attempt that has been made to exhibit the great American rather as a great man than as a great Commander.

But we may not here recount or criticise his literary achievements, or linger on the fair record of diplomatic service or private usefulness, which made his life revered and beloved. Nor is it necessary that we should. The story of his career is known, and his fame is secure.

In the life and in the works of this man there was the quality of sunshine. Take even the sarcasms you may find in his books, and the wit is always the ray, and never the lightning. Recall every anecdote or current rumor of him or his deeds, and in each the genial spirit or the loving kindness is kindred to the sunbeam. The overflowing sunshine of his benignant nature, which pours its abundant gold through all his pages, must touch even the house in which he abode, and he called it Sunnyside.

He is gone. The Indian summer, type of the rich and beauteous spirit that steeps his thoughts and fancies in golden light, was on the land when he died. It was well that he, whose words and deeds had the mellowness and tenderness of the autumn sunshine, should be carried to his grave when that autumn sunshine lay mellow and tender on the landscape his genius had hallowed. It is told that in the church, just before they closed the coffin-lid, a ray of sunlight floated through the window, and rested on his dead face. That, too, was well. Sunshine on all his life, sunshine through it all, sunshine ever poured from his heart and brain, sunshine on the dying bed and on the funeral path, and at the last the blessing of the sunshine on the dead face of the master of Sunnyside.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF THEM.—Mr. R. C. K., of South Warsaw, N. Y., writes:—

"Enclosed please find 25 cents in postage stamps for one engraving of the 'Speaking Likeness.' *My engravings of Niagara Falls came safely to hand, and are beautiful.*"

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT ENGRAVINGS.—R. W. R., of Centre Valley, Pa., says:—

"Can I obtain the three engravings by renewing my subscription, in advance, with $3,25 for the year 1860? The 'Post' has been a most welcome weekly visitor during the past year, and I should not like to dispense with it in future."

Yes, for three dollars, *in advance*, we send the Post for one year, and the two engravings of Niagara Falls—giving about seven dollars worth for three dollars! For an additional 25 cents, we of course send "The Speaking Likeness:" making about eleven dollars worth for $3,25!

As we perceive by other letters that some readers are not exactly certain that they understand our offers—which is not wonderful, considering that we offer to give so much for so little!—we may add:—

That every club subscriber for 1860, who sends us 25 cents in addition to his regular club rate, is also entitled to "The Speaking Likeness."

If the club designs commencing with the first of the year, and is received in December, the engravings will be forwarded at once to as many as order it, and the papers will be commenced at the time designated.

As this Premium is for 1860, of course only subscribers for that year are entitled to it.—Any subscriber who has paid up for 1860, or who will forward sufficient to carry his account over that year, is entitled to send his 25 cents in addition, and receive the Premium Engraving.

HOMŒOPATHY.—We have received an Address adopted at a general meeting of the Homœopathic physicians of this city, in which they urge the introduction of Homœopathy into our public institutions. They claim:—

First.—That under the Homœopathic mode of treatment the duration of disease is much contracted, the high degree of aggravation peculiar to most maladies modified and materially lessened, when compared with Allopathy.

Secondly.—That it effectually guards against the injurious and dangerous consequences known to result from the large doses and other heroic measures,—such as bleeding, cupping, blistering, setons, &c.,—of the Old School.

Thirdly.—That the rate of mortality has, under all circumstances, been less under Homœopathy; whilst in the treatment of Yellow Fever and Cholera, it has shown a pre-eminent advantage over Allopathy.

Fourthly.—That in this treatment, the evils resulting from the extensive adulteration of drugs, is entirely obviated, and the large sacrifice of life which annually takes place, through the mistakes and ignorance of apothecaries' apprentices and assistants, as well as nurses, is entirely prevented.

We think it would be a good idea to let the Homœopathists have one of the prisons, or the almshouse, for a year,—especially as they offer, we believe, to do the doctoring and drugging for nothing—and see whether the results support the above high claims. There is no proof of theory like practise. It is the short and easy method by which the world cuts the gordian knot of rival theories which it has neither the knowledge, time nor patience to untie.

THE MAD STONE.—We were a little surprised, the other day, in reading an account of the snake charmers of Ceylon, to see it stated that the use of what is called a "mad stone" was also common with them. They apply it very much as it is applied in this country. Sir Emerson Tennent obtained one of these stones, which are called in Ceylon "snake stones," and submitted it to the scrutiny of the famous chemist, Faraday. Faraday says:—

"It is a piece of charred bone which has been filled with blood, perhaps, several times, and then carefully charred again. Evidence of this is afforded, as well by the apertures of cells or tubes on its surface as by the fact that it yields and breaks under pressure, and exhibits an organic structure within. When heated slightly water rises from it, and also a little ammonia; and if heated still more highly in the air, carbon burns away, and a bulky white ash is left, retaining the shape and size of the "stone." This ash, as is evident from inspection, cannot have belonged to any vegetable substance, for it is almost entirely composed of phosphate of lime." Mr. Faraday adds that "if the piece of matter has ever been employed as a spongy absorbent, it seems hardly fit for that purpose in its present state; but who can say to what treatment it has been subjected since it was fit for use, or to what treatment the natives may submit it when expecting to have occasion to use it?"

It is further stated that the Boers of the Cape of Good Hope also are in the habit of using a snake stone, which they hold in high esteem.

☞ We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of the Messrs. Marchant, in another column. We have in our own possession some of their crystalographs, both of living and deceased friends, with which we should feel extremely loth to part.

☞ The *Rural Southerner* says of our NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS:—"*They are among the finest and most interesting engravings that we have ever seen.*"

RIDICULOUS.—The Wheeling (Va.) Union, of Dec. 2, says:

"On Sunday last it was rumored in Richmond that the Rev. Mr. Wise, an officiating clergyman of the Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia, had been seized on by the Abolitionists of that city as a hostage for the safety of old Brown. Where such a rumor could have originated it is impossible to ascertain, but that it was false and ridiculous, very little reflection was necessary to convince the public."

We should think so. The Rev. Mr. Wise was in no more danger in Philadelphia, than if he had been in the midst of the 2,000 troops at Charlestown. Not so much, for that matter—for 2,000 guns, even in the hands of friends, are dangerous weapons.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.—Washington Irving is dead. He retired to his room, at Sunny Side, on the evening of the 28th, about 10 o'clock, feeling more languid than usual, and complaining of pain in his side, but apparently not more unwell than he had been for several months past. Just as he reached his room, and while his niece was near him, he suddenly fell, and in a moment was gone. A physician was soon with him, but no mortal aid could avail to bring him back. One who saw him within an hour from the time he was taken, says he seemed as if in peaceful sleep. His funeral took place on Thursday, at 1 P. M., at Christ's Church, Tarrytown. So passes away one of the finest writers and most genial souls that America has produced.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

One of the best of our young Southern poets, Mr. PAUL H. HAYNE, has published a volume of new and old pieces, entitled AVOLIO; A LEGEND OF THE ISLAND OF COS, WITH OTHER POEMS, LYRICAL, MISCELLANEOUS AND DRAMATIC. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) The first and longest poem is founded on a story by Leigh Hunt, and has a vivid pictorial beauty not unworthy of the author of Rimini himself. Avolio is a young Florentine gentleman and true knight, who, with his gay companions, passes at the Isle of Cos, in the Sicilian seas, on the way to Smyrna. The company—knights and traders—some fired with love of glory, some of gold—set forth in quest of adventures.

"By mossy streams and in deep shadowed bowers,
They strayed from charm to charm through lengths
of languid hours.
In thickets of wild fern and rustling broom
The bumble-bee hummed past them with a boom
Of insect thunder, and in glens afar
The golden fire-fly, a small animate star,
Shone from the twilight of the darkling leaves.
High noon it was, but dusk, like mellow eves,
Reigned in the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

THE EXECUTION OF BROWN.

THE REPORTERS EXCLUDED BY GOV. WISE—RECEPTION OF MRS. BROWN AT CHARLESTOWN—MILITARY DISPLAY—AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE HUSBAND AND WIFE—SCENES AT THE EXECUTION—DISPOSAL OF THE BODY.

CHARLESTOWN, Dec. 2.—The reporter of the Associated Press telegraphed, yesterday, to Gov. Wise, for permission to attend the execution. The reply was that the Governor declined to accede to the request. No facilities will be extended to reporters.

Yesterday was passed quietly, with the exception of a great military bustle on the reception of Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown was escorted over from Harper's Ferry at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the entire military force was brought out to make a demonstration. She was received with full military honors, but her companions were not allowed to accompany her from Harper's Ferry.

After remaining four hours with her husband, Mrs. Brown was escorted back to Harper's Ferry, at 9 o'clock last night, where she will await the reception of her husband's body.

No one will be allowed to be near enough to the place of execution to hear any remarks that may be made by Brown.

HARPER'S FERRY, Dec. 2.—John Brown was hung at quarter past 11 o'clock this morning.

The military assembled at 9 o'clock, and were posted on the field leading to the place of execution, and also at various points, as laid down in the general orders.

Everything was conducted under the strictest military discipline, as if the town was in a state of siege.

Mounted scouts were stationed in the woods to the left of the scaffold, and picket guards were stationed out towards the Shenandoah mountains, in the rear.

The military on the field formed two hollow squares. Within the inner one was the scaffold, and between the inner and outer lines citizens were admitted—no one being allowed outside of the lines except the mounted guards.

At 11 o'clock the prisoner was brought out of the jail, accompanied by Sheriff Campbell and assistants, and Capt. Avis, the jailor. A small wagon, containing a white pine coffin, was driven up, on which they took a seat.

Six companies of infantry, a rifle company, a company of horse, and the General and his staff, (numbering 25 officers) headed the procession, and marched toward the place of execution.

Brown was accompanied by no minister, and desired no religious ceremonies either in the jail or on the scaffold. He looked calmly around on the people, and was fully possessed during the trying occasion. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step. His arms were pinioned by the sheriff. He bid farewell to Captain Avis and Sheriff Campbell. At a quarter past eleven o'clock the drop of the scaffold was pulled, and after a few slight struggles John Brown yielded up his spirit.

The body was placed in a coffin, and is now on its way to Harper's Ferry, to be delivered to the wife, under a strong military escort.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN BROWN AND HIS WIFE.

CHARLESTOWN, Dec. 2.—The interview between Brown and his wife lasted from 4 o'clock in the afternoon until near 8 o'clock in the evening, when Gen. Taliaferro informed them that the period allowed them had elapsed, and that Mrs. Brown must prepare for her departure to Harper's Ferry. The carriage was again brought to the door, the military took possession of the square, and with an escort of twenty mounted men the cortege moved off, Captain Moore, of the Montgomery Guards, accompanying her. The interview was, I learn, not a very affecting one, being rather of a practical character, with regard to the future of herself and children, and the arrangement and settlement of business affairs. They seemed considerably affected when they first met, and Mrs. Brown was for a few moments quite overcome, but he was firm as a rock, and she soon recovered her composure. There was an impression that the prisoner might possibly be furnished with a weapon, or with strychnine by the wife, and before the interview her person was searched by the wife of the jailor, and a strict watch kept over them during the time they were together.

At the time of the separation they seemed to be fully self-possessed, and the parting, especially on his part, exhibited a composure, either feigned or real, that was truly surprising. Mrs. Brown, however, I learn, rather repelled all attempts to express sympathy with her under her afflictions. She resented the idea that Capt. Brown had done anything to deserve death, or to attach his name with dishonor by the ignominious punishment that was about to be inflicted upon him. She regarded him as a martyr in a righteous cause, and was proud to be the wife of such a man—that the gallows had no terror to her or to him. She stated that she had not seen him since last June, about six months ago, and that they had been separated, except for a few days, for nearly two years. They had, however, corresponded, and she always felt a deep interest in the cause in which he was engaged.

The character of the interview between them may be judged to some extent from the conversation with Capt. Moore previous to the interview. I learn from Capt. Avis, the jailor, that the interview between the prisoner and his wife was characteristic of the man, and the directions given for the management and distribution of property embraced all the minor details of a last will and testament. Gen. Taliaferro was also present, and Capt. Brown urged that his wife be allowed to remain with him all night. To this the General refused assent, only allowing them but four hours.

On first meeting they kissed and affectionately embraced each other, and Mrs. Brown shed a few tears, but immediately checked her feelings. They stood embraced, the wife sobbing and the husband apparently unable to speak, for nearly five minutes. The prisoner only gave way for a moment, and was soon calm and collected, and remained firm throughout the remainder of the interview. At the close they shook hands, but did not embrace; and as they parted he said, "God bless you and the children." Mrs. Brown replied, "God have mercy on you," and continued calm until she was about leaving the room, when she remained in tears for a few moments, and then prepared to depart.

The interview took place in the parlor of Capt. Avis, and the prisoner was free from manacles of any kind. They sat side by side on the sofa, and after discussing family matters, proceeded to business. He stated that he desired his property to pass entirely into her possession, and appeared to place full confidence in her ability to manage it properly for the benefit of his younger children. He requested her to remain at North Elba, in New York, on a farm where she now resides, which belongs to her. He was desirous that his younger children should be educated, and if she could not obtain facilities for education at home, to have them sent to a boarding-school.

He then gave directions and dictated to Sheriff Campbell his will, which directed that all his property should go to his wife, with the exception of a few presents and bequests which he made. To one of his sons he gave a double spyglass; to another one a watch: to another he gave directions that he should take a tomb or monument that marks the grave of his father, at North Elba and have engraved on it his name, age, and the manner of his death, together with the cause for which he had suffered death, which he directs shall remain at North Elba as long as his family reside there. To each of his children he bequeathed the sum of fifty dollars, and to each of his daughters a Bible, to cost five dollars each, to be purchased out of money coming to him from his father's estate. Also a bible, to cost three dollars, to each of his grand-children; and that fifty dollars each be paid to three individuals whom he named, if they can be found, if not, to their legal representatives.

During the course of the conversation, Mrs. Brown asked him if he had heard that Gerrit Smith had become insane, and had been sent to the asylum at Utica? He replied that he had read of it in the papers, and was sorry to hear it, but immediately changed the subject.

The death of his two sons was spoken of, and Mrs. Brown remarked that she had made some effort, while at Harper's Ferry, for the recovery of their remains, to which object she said Col. Barbour had kindly consented to give his assistance. Capt. Brown remarked that he would also like the remains of the two Thompsons removed, if they could be found; but suggested that it would be best to take his body, with the bodies of his four sons, and get a pile of pine logs and burn them all together; that it would be much better and less expensive to thus gather up all their ashes together, and take them to their final resting place.

Sheriff Campbell told him that this would not be permitted within the State, and Mrs. Brown objected to the proposition altogether. The prisoner said that he contemplated his death with composure and calmness. It would undoubtedly be pleasant to live longer, but as it was the will of God he should close his career, he was content. Mrs. Brown becoming depressed at these remarks, he bade her cheer up, and told her his body would soon be with her, and that they would be united again in heaven.

With regard to his execution, he said he desired no religious ceremonies, either in the jail or on the scaffold, from ministers who approved of slavery; that he would prefer to be accompanied on the scaffold by a dozen slave children and a good old slave mother, with their blessings on his soul, than all the eloquence of the whole clergy of the commonwealth combined.

During the past week several letters containing checks and drafts had been forwarded to him by his friends in different sections of the country. All of these he endorsed and ordered payable to his wife, Mary A. Brown, (one of them was for $100 and another for $50), and then handed them to her.

THE EXECUTION.

The prisoner was brought out of jail at 11 o'clock. Before leaving he bid adieu to all his fellow prisoners, and was very affectionate to all except Cook. He charged Cook with having deceived and misled him in relation to the support he was to receive from the slaves. He was led to believe that they were ripe for insurrection, and had found that his representation was false. Cook denied the charge, and made but little reply.

The prisoner then told the Sheriff that he was ready. His arms were then pinioned, and with a black slouch hat and the same clothes he wore during the trial, proceeded to the door, apparently calm and cheerful. As he came outside, the companies of infantry and one troop with General Taliaferro and the entire staff were deploying in front of the jail, whilst an open wagon with a pine box, in which was a fine oak coffin, was waiting for him. He looked around and spoke to several persons he recognized, and walking down the steps was assisted to the wagon, and took his seat on the coffin box, along with the jailor, Mr. Avis. He looked with interest on the fine military display, but made no remark. The wagon moved off, flanked with two files of riflemen, in close order. On reaching the field the military had already full possession. Pickets were stationed, and the citizens kept back at the point of the bayonet from taking any position except that assigned them, nearly a quarter of a mile from the scaffold. Through the determined persistence of Dr. Rawlings, of Frank Leslie's, the order for excluding the press was partially rescinded, and they were assigned a position near the General's staff.

The prisoner walked up the steps firmly, and was the first man on the gallows. Messrs. Avis and Campbell stood by his side, and after shaking hands and bidding an affectionate adieu, thanked them for their kindness, put the cap over his face and the rope around his neck.

Mr. Avis asked him to step forward on the trap. He replied—

"You must lead me, I cannot see."

The rope was then adjusted, and the military order given. The soldiers marched and countermarched, and took a position as if the enemy was in sight, and nearly ten minutes was thus occupied. The prisoner remained standing, and Mr. Avis asked if he was not tired. Brown replied,

"No, not tired, but don't keep me waiting longer than is necessary."

He was swung off at fifteen minutes after eleven o'clock. There was a slight grasping of the hands and twitching of the muscles, and then all was quiet. The body was several times examined, and the pulse did not cease beating for 35 minutes. It was then cut down and placed in the coffin, and conveyed under the escort to the depot, put in a car to be carried to the ferry by special train at four o'clock. The whole arrangements were carried out with precision and military strictness.

The general conviction everywhere entertained was that the excitement regarding an expected rescue was caused by egregious hoaxes.

This morning Brown executed an instrument empowering Sheriff Campbell to administer on all property of his in the State, with directions to pay over the proceeds of the sale of the weapons, if recovered, to his widow and children.

BROWN'S INTERVIEW WITH HIS FELLOW PRISONERS.

Sheriff Campbell bid the prisoner farewell in his cell. The prisoner returned thanks for the Sheriff's kindness, and spoke of Capt. Pate as a brave man.

The prisoner was then taken to the cell of Copeland and Green. He told them to stand up like men, and not betray their friends. He then handed them a quarter each, saying he had no more use for his money, and bid them adieu.

He then visited Cook and Coppes, who were chained together.

He remarked to Cook: "You have made false statements."

Cook asked him, "What do you mean?"

Brown answered, "Why, by stating that I sent you to Harper's Ferry.

Cook—"Did you not tell me, in Pittsburg, to come to Harper's Ferry and see if Forbes had made disclosures."

Brown—"No, sir. You know I protested against your coming."

Cook replied, "Captain Brown, we remember differently," at the same time dropping his head.

Brown then turned to Coppee, and said, "Coppee, you also made false statements, but I am glad to hear that you have contradicted them. Stand up like a man," and also handed him a quarter. He shook him by the hand and parted.

Brown was then taken to Stevens cell, and they interchanged kind greetings.

Stevens said, "Good bye, Captain. I know you are going to a better land."

Brown replied: "I know I am." He told him to bear up, and not betray his friends, giving him a quarter, also. He did not visit Hazlett, as he has always persisted in denying any knowledge of him.

On his way to the scaffold, Mr. Sadler, the undertaker, who was in the wagon with him, remarked, "Captain Brown, you are a game man."

He answered, "Yes, I was so trained up, it was one of the lessons of my mother; but it was hard to part from friends, though newly made." Then remarking, "This is a beautiful country. I never had the pleasure of seeing it before."

On reaching the gallows, he observed Mr. Hunter and Mayor Green standing near, to whom he said, "Gentlemen, good-bye," his voice not faltering in the least. While on the scaffold Sheriff Campbell asked him if he would take a handkerchief in his hand to drop as a signal when he was ready. He replied no, he did not want it; but do not detain me longer than is actually necessary.

Shortly after the execution, and whilst the body was being taken to the depot, great excitement was occasioned in the town by the arrival of a horseman announcing that Wheatland, the late residence of George W. Turner, shot at Harper's Ferry, was on fire, and that it was extending to the farm buildings. Wm. F. Turner, who was in town, had left home at 10 o'clock.

He said that several of the horses had died very suddenly, and also some sheep. It was supposed they had been poisoned, and it was intended to have their stomachs analyzed. The stock of Mr. Castleton and Mr. Myers, in the same neighborhood, had also died very mysteriously. The excitement was very great and Col. Davis had the Fauquier Cavalry in readiness to go out and inquire into the truth of the report about the fire.

DISPOSITION OF THE BODY OF BROWN.

The body of Brown arrived in a special train, and will be taken on by Mrs. Brown and friends, by express, direct to Albany. It is desired to avoid all public demonstrations, and the body will not be visible anywhere on the rout to North Elba, where it will be deposited in the family burial ground.

Mrs. Brown speaks in the highest terms of the kindness extended to her by the citizens and authorities of the State. She is of course in great distress, and has most favorably impressed all who have met with her as a woman of fine feeling, and possessed of great affection for her husband.

FROM CHARLESTOWN—SIX MILITARY COMPANIES ORDERED HOME—FURLOUGHS GIVEN FOR TEN DAYS.—CHARLESTOWN, Dec. 4.—Six companies of the Richmond and Wheeling military have been ordered home, and about one-fourth of the members of other companies have obtained furloughs for ten days. They are to return before the 16th, to attend the other executions. A military force will then be kept up, and martial law enforced throughout the county.

The excitement has greatly abated, though there is a great feeling of insecurity in the rural districts.

The weather is cold and wet, and the military are suffering greatly from their exposed situation on the picket guard, and from their uncomfortable quarters.

ANECDOTE OF D'ORSAY.

D'Orsay owed some hundreds of pounds to a silversmith in the city. This debt annoyed him. A rich Indian arrived from Calcutta, who talked about buying a service of plate, and the count introduced him to his creditor. Our Indian orders nearly £10,000 worth, and the order is executed in a few weeks. Well, one fine morning he disappears. Great alarm on the part of the silversmith, who falls back on the introducer of the decamped nabob. Hence, endless scenes, and lastly, disquieting menaces for the liberty of the count. At length, one morning—I witnessed the scene—the silversmith falls flat on his debtor and guarantee, with eyes starting from his head; he insists on being paid, or, unless he receives the bond of a lord he names, that very day, M. le Comte would be condemned not to set foot outside Gore House except on Sunday. Now, it was in June, the fashionable season *par excellence*. D'Orsay reflected in his bath, while the silversmith, all scarlet, vociferated in the cabinet, and pointed out the seedy bailiffs, who were already blockading the house.

"So, I have said it, Sir Count," the man with the silver hot-dishes shouted, "this evening at five I must have Lord P.'s guarantee, or you will pass the season invested in Gore House. My bloodhounds will not allow you even to breathe the fresh air in Kensington Gardens."

And the tone was most insolent.

The count was still reflecting, and said not a word. The silversmith was about to leave, and had already clapped on his hat.

Suddenly D'Orsay bounded from his bath.

"Stay!" he exclaimed; "it is useless to think about Lord P.'s guarantee. We have quarrelled. But I have something far better. You shall be satisfied."

The tradesman stops and takes off his hat. D'Orsay, dripping with water like a Triton, takes up a key from a writing-table, and walks up to a glass case containing a general's uniform.

"You see that coat," he said, as he opened the door, "this embroidery, these decorations? In that coat my father died! It is sacred to me like the uniform in which Nelson was killed aboard the *Victory*, a relic shown at Greenwich Hospital."

The silversmith looked, without exactly knowing what would come of it, and already somewhat mastered by these great words and the Count's commanding tone.

"Well!" he muttered.

"Well, I have decided to make a great sacrifice to satisfy you. Take this," he added, cutting the thread which fastened one of the buttons, and handing it majestically to his creditor, who was paisied with surprise. "That is one of the nine buttons which served to fasten this noble coat across my father's chest. I entrust to you the one nearest his cross of honor—a cross Lord Byron gave him, and which was found on the field of Waterloo. Come, that is worth more than the guarantee of all the lords in the three kingdoms. Before a month you shall be paid."

And, after saying this, the Count goes back to his bath, turns quietly to me, and says:

"You were speaking, I believe, of the Lord Mayor's show?"

"But—but suppose you do not pay me in a month?" the creditor murmured very timidly.

"Well, then—then you can keep the button of my father's uniform." D'Orsay said, pulling the bell, and indicating the tradesman to the valet, who lugged him away.

I could not but admire such a use of the gift of fascination. The count's grand air, his almost desperate act, his confiding and resolute tone, the great words and great names—uniform, general, father, cross, embroidery, Nelson evoked, and Byron and Waterloo mixed up in the affair—all this had fascinated, subjugated the City Jew; he went away, without venturing to say the security was not good, and he was in the right. A fortnight later the Indian, who had only made a sudden trip to Scotland, turned up again, paid everything, and D'Orsay wrote me that he had had the button sewn on again near the cross of honor."—*Travels in England, by M. Lecompte.*

NOBODY'S BOAT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

How my dear, meek old friend, Mistress Martin, used to speak of her "Uncle Sim!" To hear her, you would have thought he must have been an angel; yet, he was simply one of those nondescript savages of the "good old times," whose Word was Law.

Uncle Sim, however—I would not do dear Miss Mary's uncle injustice for the world—Uncle Sim was, undoubtedly, a grand specimen of his class and period.

When pacing slowly between the family canvas which hung in Mistress Mary Martin's old-fashioned dining-room, she would pause, and tell how that lady in the blue satin, with the tortured waist, high-powdered head, pinners, feathers, flowers, lappets, and ruffles—despite them all—looked not only a dignified but a most lovely woman—Mistress Mary would tell, with as much pride as could enter into her lowly nature, how that very lady might have eclipsed my Lady Castlemaine, and displaced "poor Nelly," if she had not been true to her own noble nature, and determined to show the licentious Stuart that his Court possessed at least one high-born and pure woman, who could be the faithful friend of his ill-used wife.

Indeed, Mary Martin could give a little history beneath each of her ancestral portraits.

But when she came opposite the bluff and haughty semblance of a gigantic gentleman of the early period of George the Third, one foot advanced, as if to crush—and a hand grasping a riding-whip, as if to slay—Thunder seated on his broad, resolute brow, and lightning flashing from his blue ox eyes—she would clasp her hands, as if before a shrine, and whisper, "that—*that*, my dear, is Uncle Sim!"

It was a fine picture, and full of character, developing much of the *man*, besides his features.

The favorite greyhound, crouched, with fixed look, before that determined tyrant; the horse—held by a painful, penitent-looking groom, in the back-ground—seemed as if fresh from the hands of "O'Sullivan, the Whisperer," the "Rarey" of the period; the very leaves of the trees drooped—the peacock on the distant pedestal had a draggled look, though his neck was a miracle of color—the hill and house and wood in the distance were all toned down, to throw out the figure—all, in fact, except Uncle Sim, were in abeyance; while he, the triumphant hero of self-will, looked as bluff, as determined—no, certainly not as sensual, as, but more "blusterous" than—blunt "Old Harry" himself.

There was a "Come on if you will"—"Contradict if you dare"—expression in his defiant face, which made you expect that some day he would step out of the canvas and knock you down! It would have been impossible to feel tranquil or even safe near that picture.

"Did you live long with Uncle Sim, Mistress Mary?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Did you love him?"

"Dearly."

"Now to think of Mary Martin—a gentle, timid woman—gentle beyond gentleness—so dove-eyed and dove-like—loving that tornado of a man, was surprising! I know that women frequently cling to their tyrants, as if "tyranny" and "protection" were synonymous terms; and that, if a woman is what the world calls "unfortunately" the mother of a wild, hair-brained, selfish scamp—a very worrying "whelp" of the do-nothing, feel-nothing, fear-nothing class—while her other lads are, by comparison, early developed saints, she will quietly but firmly attach herself the more strongly to the sinner; tell you—and believe it—that "he is not understood;" that his father is "harsh," his brothers "unsympathizing" and if he becomes very bad indeed, so that his unhappy family daily expect a visit from an "inspector" on his account; if he is "cut" by every one, and avoided by his once associates, then the poor mother will abandon all for him, and wear herself to atrophy with care and weeping for the worthless one.

Certainly, women have many weaknesses, but their chief is a sort of *affectionate obstinacy*. They will adhere to what is unfortunate, and even wicked, with an unreasoning tenacity that yields to no power save that of DEATH.

While such thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, Mistress Mary's eyes were fixed on the picture with a depth of memory and love that was to me perfectly wonderful.

"How handsome he was!" she said, at last.

It was such a savage, fierce beauty, that I only answered by a question—

"Was he?"

"I do not wonder at your asking," she replied, gently as ever; "there was a noble determination—a firmness—a *will*—a power in every look and action to which no painter could do justice."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, wondering what the reality must have been.

"And what a voice he had," she continued; "it was like a speaking trumpet."

"Was it!"

"When the masons were putting up a new steeple to the parish church at his expense (for his generosity was unbounded), he shouted out something to them about its insecurity, and they said the vibration threw down the steeple; two men were killed, but dear Uncle Sim provided magnificently for their widows."

"What a voice he must have had!"

"Oh, indeed, it was what might be called a manly voice; there are no such voices in these degenerate days. Whenever he called me—just simply "Mary,"—the whole house shook. He often, I have been told, amused his visitors in autumn by getting them under an apple or pear tree, and then he would give an hulloo, and they were certain to be well pelted by the falling fruit. His hulloo was like thunder."

"Dear Mistress Mary, did he not make you nervous?"

"I have read," she answered coldly, "that those who have always lived near Niagara never heed the roar of the fall. I was with Uncle Sim from babyhood, so I suppose I became used to it; but we had an old cook who declared that Uncle Sim's voice broke the drum of her ear; so he gave her a pension."

"He does not look like a man who would bear contradiction."

Mary Martin cast her eyes on me in mute astonishment. As she repeated—

"Contradiction was never contradicted but once, and those days gentlemen wore swords, so Uncle ran the contradictor through the body

It was impossible not to start at that, and Mary quickly add—

"The man should have provoked him—he knew that Uncle was very impulsive; dear Uncle Sim was noble, he told him that if he died he would marry his widow, but he recovered and they became such fast friends; indeed, he it was often told me the little incident of 'Nobody's Boat.'"

Mistress Mary then showed me the remains of a very fanciful little boat, bearing that name, in a great, overdowed pond, not far from the house. It was most carefully preserved beneath a shed, she had promised to tell me its history.

"Let us sit down," suggested the mild old lady, "and then shall hear."

"Uncle Sim had an only sister, whom, in their early days loved very much; though they never lived happily together, for they were too much alike to agree—each desired to have his or her own way. Of course, it was the sister's duty to submit to the brother; but she did not think so. She married a man he had forbidden her to speak to, and disgraced her family by union much beneath her. One fond brought another—her husband died as she was about become a mother, and Uncle Sim offered to settle a handsome income on her (her husband had squandered all her fortune) if she would put it under her hand that the man she married was a scoundrel, and that she begged Uncle to forgive her."

"Surely," exclaimed, "let her husband be what he might, she could never consent to such a declaration!"

"She would have died rather."

"So best.'

"The child was born, and she was dangerously ill. She wrote to Uncle Sim—"

"Well!"

"Uncle Sim was a very firm and decided man—he lost his sister, but he loved his word better. She wrote once more—it was to tell him that her child should never cross his threshold, unless he carried her over it in his arms. After a time one dared come near Uncle Sim for a whole day, and then he called all his servants together and forbade them, on pain of immediate dismissal, ever to mention his sister's name in the house, or bring him any letter or communication from her. Uncle Sim was very anxious to get the water-lilies, yellow and white, to grow on a sheet of water which at that time was nearly under the breakfast-room window, and to prevent their being disturbed he hired the boat he used for duck fowling to be moved—the water was just where the sun garden is now. One morning Uncle Sim came down to breakfast as usual, and the friend who met with the *little accident* I told you of, was staying in the house. Uncle Sim—as you might know by the formation of his fine blue eyes—was very short-sighted. While looking over letters, and discussing their coffee, he suddenly perceived what seemed to him a very little boat close to the shore, amongst the water-lilies."

"What is it?" he inquired.

"It looks like a boat," answered his friend, who did not dare say it was one.

Uncle Sim rang the bell.

"Whose boat is that?"

"*Nobody's*, sir," was the reply.

"Nobody's!" thundered my uncle. "How came it there'

"Indeed, sir, nobody knows."

"Why was not removed?"

"If you please," answered Jabez, the butler, who knew Uncle Sim and his ways well, and consequently got near the door;—"if you please, sir, we did not think it was quite right."

"Of course it is quite wrong; remove it instantly."

"Yes, sir only there's something in it."

Uncle Sim cast the telescope which always lay on the table, and looked through it towards the lake.

"I see nothing," he said. "But the man's a cheat that sold me that glass—it is good for nothing. I have not paid him for it, and never will *until he comes for his money*. Ah! ah! let the scoundrel come for his money!"

It was exceedingly droll to hear Mistress Mary Martin repeat Uncle Sim's violent language in her little meek, soft voice; it was as if a wren imitated the scream of an eagle.

"Why don't you instantly go and remove *Nobody's boat*," repeated "Uncle Sim," with terrific calmness.

"Yes, sir" answered Jabez, with the door in his hand; "only there's something in it that squeals."

It was well he knew Uncle Sim's ways, for before the door was closed, the telescope rattled against it, and fell broken to the ground. Whenever Uncle Sim smashed anything—a sideboard, or a window, or a man, or a looking-glass—it renewed his strength and spirit.

"The cowardly crew!" he exclaimed, "they think it's something supernatural. 'Nobody's boat,' indeed. I'll soon find out what squeaks." He rattled through the hall like a piece of field artillery, and before his friend was on the door-step he had waded into the pond, seized "Nobody's boat" in his arms, lifted it over the threshold, and placed it on the great hall table, where he always feasted the poor at the festivals. He then threw back a covering of white crape, and the low, plaintive wail of a young child floated through the hall. Uncle Sim staggered back as if he had been shot, and swore a dreadful oath. Swearing was one of his ways; he meant no harm: it was no more than if anyone had said, "Dear me!" "Oh, my!" or 'tack-a-daisy!" Nothing more.

He did swear the oath, and exclaimed that he was *done*, and by a woman.

The wail continued, and his friend went to lift the child.

Another oath, with a warning not to touch it.

"I *have* carried it over the threshold!—it *was* my sister's child—it is mine now! I'll pay her for her craft! *She* shall never look it in the face again!"

"She will not need to," said the gentleman. "She has looked at it for the last time."

The great, strong man struggled to the table, and if his temper was excitable it was nothing to his grief. He read the few lines which the hand of the dying mother had placed on the bosom of the little infant when she consigned it to its strange cradle. He lifted it to his heart with all a mother's tenderness, and in that heart he kept it to the last moment of his stormy existence. He never asked who had placed "Nobody's boat" among the lilies; and though I cannot understand how such a glory of a man could love and cherish such a weakling as myself, yet so it was. No matter how excited he became, I had only to touch him with my hand, and whisper "Uncle Sim," and he was still in a moment.

NEWS ITEMS.

JOHN A. WASHINGTON has presented to the Mount Vernon fund the sum of $1,228 25, being the proceeds of the Mount Vernon steamboat trips for the past year.

GOV. WISE was made prisoner at Charlestown on Monday night last, by a sentinel. The Governor had forgotten the countersign, but the soldier on the post had not lost sight of his military discipline, and marched the Commander-in-Chief off to the guard-house just as he would have done an abolitionist. The sentinel's name is Pizzini, a mail writer in the Richmond Whig office. It takes the printers.

SOLID CIDER.—The Messrs. Borden, of Litchfield, Conn., who solidify milk, have also succeeded in solidifying sweet cider, so that five quarts are reduced to one, which becomes a jelly-like substance, and can instantly be made sweet and liquid cider again by the addition of water.

DR. POMROY, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, at Boston, has been dismissed. Letters addressed to him, were opened during his absence, and found to contain appeals from "destitute" (of principle) females.

THERE was a very large sale of wool (sheep's) last week in this city. There were some three hundred and fifty thousand pounds disposed of. Philadelphia took 48 lots, weighing 113,320 pounds; Baltimore and other cities south, 14,200 pounds; New York city and State 35,300 pounds; Boston and Massachusetts, 52,800 pounds. Other eastern mills, 100,400. Prices satisfactory.

GRAIN IN THE WEST.—The La Crosse (Wisconsin) Union, says that "threshing machines are just beginning to go over to Minnesota, and that the amount of grain still unthreshed in the central and western parts of Minnesota is immense. But a small per centage of the grain raised in that State has been taken to market, but as soon as the river is bridged with ice, it will be rushed forward to the river markets."

CARBUNCLES.—Carbuncles can be cured, it is said, by Burgundy Pitch. Dr. Jacquinot had used Burgundy pitch in two different cases of confirmed carbuncle, and found it to answer perfectly. He describes the symptoms accurately, so as to leave no doubt as to the nature of the disease, and states that the cure in each case was effected in a very short time, the epidermis having been partially removed from the pustule by excision, and the serum absorbed, before a small plaster of Burgundy pitch was applied. The latter must be changed morning and evening, the patient being subjected to a milk diet instead of tonics. The pitch should be pure, and the physician should make the plaster himself, as chemists generally mix beeswax with the pitch, which diminishes its efficacy. The warmth of the hand is sufficient to soften it, and it should be spread on a piece of chamois leather or linen. Dr. Jacquinot, in comparing these results with those obtained by Dr. Vallandet with incense, arrives at the conclusion that most resins are probably specifics against carbuncle, and endeavors to trace a connection between the above facts and the antiseptic properties of coal tar, lately discovered by MM. Corn and Demeaux. In conclusion, he states that in both the cases he treated, the pustule was not very far advanced, though in one case it was more than an inch in diameter; but, from the prompt and decisive action of the remedy, he is fully convinced that it would produce its effect even were the swelling much larger and gangrene far advanced.—*Galignani.*

SORGHUM.—A correspondent from Springfield, Cedar County, Iowa, writes that about 7,000 gallons of syrup have been made in that town from the Sorghum cane during the past year. The town has one hundred and seventy-four families, nearly all of whom are members of the Society of Friends.

THE banks and brokers of this city were recently cheated out of some $20,000 by means of counterfeits of the $50 and $100 notes of the Philadelphia Bank. The bank itself took a large amount. The counterfeit is admirably executed. The probability is that the bankers to the South and West have suffered even more largely.

SLANDER SUIT IN ILLINOIS.—Mr. Van Winkle, of Cambridge, Illinois, was recently prosecuted for slander which his wife had uttered against some of her neighbors. The damages were laid at $5,000, but the jury, looking at the matter disinterestedly, awarded a verdict for $3,000.

SUNDAY LAWS IN OHIO.—An important decision concerning municipal Sunday ordinances, has been given by the Supreme Court of Ohio. It is to the effect that any municipal ordinance prohibiting under a penalty the opening of shops, &c., on Sunday, without excepting certain cases of necessity, and persons who observe the Seventh day as the Sabbath, is inconsistent with the laws of the State, and therefore void.

PROFESSOR LOWE has packed up his balloon, pocketed $4,000 in money, and is now chuckling over his profit. Probably he will go to Europe—but in a steamer.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE—*Refusal to Adjourn.*—In the State Legislature, on the 2d, both houses refused to adjourn in consequence of the execution of Brown. The resolutions offered were voted down with much unanimity.

GUN WADDING.—The Paris papers speak of a new material to be used in loading fire-arms. Sea-weed has been found to be the best gun-wadding ever yet used. It answers the purpose admirably, keeping the iron cool, and not liable to ignition like the cotton wad hitherto in use. By order of Government large amounts have been gathered on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany. The material has already been distributed to the ordnance department at Vincennes.

CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENTS.—Public meetings are announced in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, to express the conservative feeling of those cities in relation to the John Brown affair.

SUPPOSED ARREST OF RICHARD REALFE, BROWN'S SECRETARY OF STATE.—*Washington, Dec. 2.*—A man answering Cook's description of Richard Realfe, was recently arrested at Poolsville, Maryland, but, while a commitment was being written out, managed to escape. He was yesterday re-arrested at Alexandria; and held for a further examination. He had previously visited Washington, and from his actions excited the belief that he was an itinerant swindler.

A CARD.—The three Ohio merchants who were taken out of the cars at Harper's Ferry by the military there, and imprisoned, have published a card, stating that they are quiet, order-loving business men, and that they were treated with every proper consideration and kindness by the military, and released as soon as the case was duly understood. Their names are J. W. Vansant, Fairfield Co.; J. B. Glassford, Morgan Co., O., and J. L. Collins, Logan, Hocking Co.

LOVE.

BY THE LATE T. K. HERVEY.

There are who say the lover's heart
  Is in the loved one's merged;
Oh, never by love's own warm art
  So cold a plea was urged!
No!—hearts that love hath crowned or crossed,
  Love fondly knits together;
But not a thought or hue is lost
  That made a part of either.

Expanding in the soft bright heat
  That draweth each to other,
Each feels itself in every beat,
  Though beating for another;
It is their very union's art
  The separate parts to prove,
And man first learns how great his heart
  When he has learned to love.

The loving heart gives back as due
  The treasure it has found—
As scents return to him who threw
  The precious things around—
As mirrors show, because they're bright,
  What shadows o'er them move—
Receive the light, and by the light
  Reflect the form of love.

As he who, wrapt in fancy's dream,
  Bends o'er some wave at even,
Yet deep within the sunlit stream
  Sees but himself and heaven—
So, looketh through his loved one's eyes,
  In search of all things rare,
The lover—and amid love's skies
  Himself is everywhere.

It is an ill-told tale that tells
  Of "heart by love made one;"
He grows who near another's dwells
  More conscious of his own:
In each spring up new thoughts and powers
  That, 'mid love's warm clear weather,
Together tend like climbing flowers,
  And, turning, grow together.

Such fictious blink love's better part,
  Yield up its half of bliss;
The wells are in the neighbor heart
  When there is thirst in this:
There findeth love the passion-flowers
  On which it learns to thrive,
Makes honey in another's bowers,
  But brings it home to hive.

Love's life is in its own replies—
  To each low beat it beats,
Smiles back the smiles, sighs back the sighs,
  And every throb repeats.
Then, since one loving heart still throws
  Two shadows in love's sun,
How should two loving hearts compose
  And mingle into one?

THE DEAN OF DENHAM.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c.

IV.

The shades of twilight were fast gathering on the aisles of the old cathedral, and the congregation, assembled in the choir for afternoon service, began to wonder whether the chanter would be able to finish without a light. The beautiful colors of the painted east window were growing dim—exceedingly beautiful were they when the sun illumined them.

It was a full congregation, unusually numerous for a winter's afternoon, and one that threatened rain. The Bishop of Denham, an old man, sat in his throne; the dean, a much younger man, and very handsome, was in his stall. By his side was a boy of ten, or rather more; he possessed the dean's own face in miniature, and there could be no mistaking that they were father and son. Underneath the dean was the pew of his wife, and with her was another boy, somewhat younger, but bearing a great resemblance to the one by the dean. She was a fair, beautiful woman, with stately manners and a haughty face; in age she may have been a year above thirty, though she did not look it.

The chanter bent his spectacles nearer and nearer to his book, and the dean, Dr. Baumgarten, quietly pushed back the curtain on the side of his own stall, leaned down, and whispered a word to one of the bedesmen who were congregated on the steps inside the choir entrance. The old man shuffled out, presently shuffled in again with a flaring tallow candle, which he carried to the chanter's desk. The chanter gave him a nod for the unexpected accommodation, and went on more glibly. He had seen a light taken to the organ-loft, before the commencement of the anthem.

The service concluded, the bishop gave the blessing, and the congregation left the choir, but they did not leave the edifice: they waited in the body of the cathedral to listen to the music, for the organist was treating them to some of the choicest morceaux amongst his voluntaries. He was a superior player, and now and then he chose to show them that he was, and would keep them, delighted listeners, full half an hour after the conclusion of afternoon service: and sometimes he had to do so by order of the dean.

The bishop had little ear for music, but he liked the stopping, and the social chat it afforded, very well. He slowly paced the flagstones by the side of the dean's wife, the respectful crowd allowing them a wide berth: Dr. Baumgarten stood close to the railings of a fine monument, partly listening, partly talking to the sub-dean. It was the month of November, the audit season, therefore all the great dignitaries of the cathedral were gathered in Denham.

"What's that now, Lady Grace? It's something like Luther's Hymn: variations on it, possibly."

Lady Grace Baumgarten coughed down a laugh: but she knew the bishop's musical deficiencies.

"It's a symphony from Mozart: your lordship does not listen."

"Mozart, eh. I can distinguish a tune well enough when they sing the words to it, and I know our familiar airs, 'God Save the Queen,' and 'The blue bells of Scotland,' and such like, but when it comes to those grand intricate pieces, I am all at sea," spoke the bishop in his honest simple-mindedness. "How are the children, Lady Grace?"

"Quite well, thank you. The two boys are here. I don't see them just now, but they are somewhere about."

Lady Grace could not see them, and for a very good reason—that they were not there. The elder, the one who had been by the side of the dean, an indulged boy and wilful, had scampered out into the cloisters the moment he could steal away from the paternal surplice, drawing his brother with him.

"Charley," quoth he, "I've come on to pour cats and dogs, and I persuaded Dynevor to go out with him after college. You go in, and bring me my top coat."

"Oh, Cyras, don't send me! Let me stop and listen to the organ."

"You insolent little beggar! Come, be off; or else you know what you'll get."

"But the music will be over, Cy," pleaded the younger, a little fellow of eight.

"The music be bothered! Here, take my Prayer-book in with you. Much nonsense as it is of mamma, to make us bring our Prayer-books to college when there are the large books in the stalls, ready for use! Look you, Mr. Charles, I'll allow you three minutes to get back here with the coat, and you exceed it by half a second, you'll catch a tanning."

Master Baumgarten took out his watch—an appendage of which he was exceedingly proud—as he spoke; and Charley, knowing there was no appeal against his imperious brother, laid hold of the Prayer-book, and flew off towards the deanery.

Cyras amused himself with kicking and spitting at an unhappy cat, which had by some mischance got into the enclosed cloister graveyard; and, just before the time was up, back came the child all breathless, throat over his arm.

Cyras snatched it from him, thrust one of his arms into its sleeve, and was attempting to thrust the other, when he discovered that it did not belong to him. Charley had by mistake brought his own, and Cyras could not, by any dint of pushing, get into it. His temper rose: he struck the child a smashing blow on the cheek, and then began to buffet him with the unlucky coat.

"You nasty, careless monkey! What the bother did you bring yours for? Haven't you got eyes? Haven't you got sense? Now, if—"

"Hallos! what's up? What he been at now, Cy?"

The speaker was Frank Dynevor, Cyras Baumgarten's especial chum when he was at Denham. He was considerably older than Cyras, but the latter was a forward boy of his years, and would not acknowledge a companion in one of his own age.

"A little jackass! I sent him in for my coat, and he must bring his," explained Cyras. "A tanning would do him good."

"What's he whimpering for? I never saw such a youngster; he's always at it!"

"Oh, the dear little angel, yes! He whimpers, and then goes to his mama, and she makes a molly of him, and gives him sugar-candy," ironically scoffed Master Baumgarten. "Now, Mr. Charles, perhaps you'll leave off snivelling, and go and get the right coat. It's his fault that I keep you waiting, Dynevor."

"I am not going. There's a row at home about my running out in the rain: it's stopped, and I came to tell you. Ha, Cy; come down this way."

The two boys, Dynevor's arm carelessly cast on the shoulder of Cyras, strolled off together along the cloisters, the latter hung thrown the coat atop of Charley's head, with a force that nearly threw him off his legs. Charley disencumbered himself, and espying some of the college boys, with whom he kept up a passing acquaintance when at Denham, he joined them. They were emerging noisily from the schoolroom, after taking off their surplices: music had no charms for them, so they had not remained amidst the listeners in the cathedral.

Now, there was a charity school in Denham for the boys of poor parents, a large school, its numbers averaging four or five times those of the foundation school in the cathedral, and from time immemorial the gentlemen of the college foundation and the boys of the charity school had been at daggers drawn. The slight pastimes of hard abuse and stone-throwing were indulged in, whenever the opposition parties came in contact, but there occurred sometimes a more serious interlude—that of a general battle. Animosity at the present time ran unusually high, and, in consequence of some offence offered by the haughty college boys in the past week, the charity boys (favored possibly by the unusual darkness of the afternoon) had ventured on the unheard-of exploit of collecting in a body round the cloister gate to waylay the young gentlemen on their leaving the cathedral. The college lads walked into the trap and were caught, but they did not want for "pluck," and began laying about them right and left.

The noise penetrated to the other end of the cloisters, to the ears of the two lads parading there, and away they tore, eager to take part in any mischief that might have turned up.—The first thing Cyras saw was his brother Charles struggling in the hands of some half-dozen "snobs" (the title bestowed indiscriminately by the college boys upon the other parties), and being handled roughly. Of course, having been with the others, he was taken for one of them, and being a meek little fellow, who stood aghast in the melee, instead of helping on the assault, besides looking remarkably aristocratic, a crime in their eyes, he was singled out as being a particularly eligible target.

All the hot blood in Cyras Baumgarten's body rushed to his face and his temper: if he chose to put upon Charley and "tan" him, he was not going to see others do it. Flinging off his jacket and his cap, threw them to Dynevor, and with his sturdy young fists doubled, sprang upon the assailants. What a contrast, when you come to think of it! The stately, impassive dean, master of his cathedral, and standing in it, the cynosure of surrounding eyes; the elegant Lady Grace, with her rank and her beauty, both of them particularly alive to the courtesies of civilised life; and the two young Baumgartens just beyond earshot, taking part in a juvenile fight, as fierce as any Irish row. Ah, good doctors of divinity, fair Lady Graces, your sons may be just as disreputably engaged behind your backs, little as you may suspect it, unworthy of belief as you would deem it!

What would have been the upshot, it is impossible to say—broken noses certainly, if not broken legs—had not the master of the charity boys come up, a worthy parish clerk, whom the whole lot dreaded more than anything alive. He had scented, or been told of, the expedition, and he had hastened to follow it, and bring down upon the fractious heads the weight of his wrathful authority. The very moment his portly figure was caught sight of, off flew the crew in ignominious alarm, the college boys raising a derisive shout after them, and then decamping to their own homes. A good thing for them, and that it was over and done with, before *their* masters came out of the cathedral.

Dynevor, who was hand-in-glove with some of the senior boys, returned Cyras's property to him, and went away with his friends; and the two Baumgartens were left alone. Charles was crying and shaking, Charles's nose was bleeding, and down sat Cyras in a corner of the cloisters, and held the child to him, as tenderly as any mother could have done.

"Don't cry, Charley, dear," quoth he, kissing him fondly. "I know that biggest fellow that set upon you, and I'll pay him off as sure as he's a snob. I'd have paid them off now if they had waited, the cowards, and I don't care if they had killed me for it. Where did they hit you, darling?"

"They hit me everywhere, Cyras," sobbed the child, who, though barely two years younger than his brother, was as a baby compared to him in hardihood, and knowledge of the world—if such a remark can be construed as applicable to a young gentleman rising eleven. "Oh, how my nose bleeds!"

Cyras, with his own white handkerchief kept wiping the suffering nose, kissing Charley between whiles.

"Charley, dear," he began, between the latter's sobs, "if I hit you sometimes, it isn't that I want to hurt you, for I love you very much, better than anything in the world. You mustn't mind my hitting you; I'm used to hit; and it'll teach you to be a man."

"Yes," breathed Charley, clinging closer to Cyras, whom, in spite of the latter's imperiousness, he dearly loved. "I know you don't do it to hurt me."

"No, that I don't. There's not a soul in the house cares for you as I do, and I'll stand by you always, through thick and thin."

"Mamma cares for me, Cyras."

"After her fashion," returned Mr. Cyras. "She makes a girl of you, and pets you up to the skies. But I'll fight for you, Charley; I'll never let a hair of your head be touched when we go together to Eton or Rugby, whichever it's to be."

"I hope I shall get brave, like you, Cy. I think I shall, when I am as big as you; nurse says you were not much better than me when you were as little."

"Oh, I'm blest, though!" returned Cyras, not pleased with the remark; "she'd better say that to me. I never was a molly, Charley, I never had the chance to be, so nurse must have said it to humor you. Why now, only see what a girl they make of you: they keep you in these dandy velvet dresses with a white frill. A white frill! and they don't let you stir out beyond the door, unless there's a woman at your tail to see you don't fall, or don't get lost, or some such nonsense. And then look at mamma, taking you into her pew on a Sunday! Never was such a spectacle seen before, in Denham Cathedral, as for a chap of your age to sit in the ladies' seats. I'd rather be one of those snobs, than I'd be made a molly of."

"Don't call me a molly, Cy," sobbed the child.

"It's not your fault," returned Cyras, kissing him still, "it's theirs. You have got a brave heart, Charley, for you won't tell a lie, and you'll be brave yourself when they'll let you. I'll make you so, I'll teach you, and I'll love you better than all of them put together. Does it pain you now, Charley dear?"

"Not much. I was frightened."

A little while longer they sat there. Cyras soothing the still sobbing child, stroking his hair, wiping his eyes, whispering endearing names; and then they got up, and he led him affectionately towards the deanery, which was contiguous to the cathedral.

A couple of pretty objects they looked when they got into the well-lighted residence. Both their faces smeared with blood, Charley's velvet dress and his "white frill," and Cyras's shirt front; for the latter, in his caresses, had not escaped catching the stains. The dean and Lady Grace had not entered, and Cyras smuggled Charles into the nursery.

"Oh, my patience!" uttered the nurse, who was sitting there with a little lady of six, Gertrude Baumgarten. "You wicked boys! what have you been up to? This is your work, I know, Master Cyras!"

"Is it," retorted Cyras. "Who gave you leave to know?"

Gertrude backed in fear against the wall, her eyes, haughty and blue as were her mother's, wide open with astonishment. She did not like the appearance of things, and she began to cry.

"Now, don't be such a little stupid," exclaimed Cyras; "there's nothing to cry for. Charley's nose bled, and it got on to our clothes."

"Yes, it's me that's hurt, nurse," put in Charley, remembering his grievances and giving way again. "It isn't Cyras."

"Of course it's not," indignantly returned the nurse; "what harm does he ever come to? You have been striking him, that's what you have been doing, Master Cyras."

"It's nothing to you, if I have," retorted Cyras, in choler. "You just say it again, though, and I'll strike you." He disdained to say it was not, or to defend himself; he was of by far too indifferent a temperament.

A loud, sharp scream from Charley: his nose had spun out bleeding again; and at that moment there was another interruption. The room door opened, and the dean and his wife entered; the former wearing his surplice and hood still, and carrying his trencher, for they had been hurriedly disturbed by the noise as they came in from the cathedral.

The nurse, whose temper was not a remarkably calm one, and who disliked the daring Cyras, was busy getting hot water and a basin. "Look at him, my lady, look at him," cried she, "and it's Master Cyras's doings."

"What does all this mean?" demanded the dean, his eyes wandering from one boy to the other, from their clothes; "what is it, I ask?"

The dean might ask, but he was none the nearer getting an answer. Charley, his head over the basin, was crying in fear and excitement, and never heard the question; and Cyras had one of his independent, obstinate fits coming on, and would not open his lips in explanation or self-defence.

"How dared you hit him?" exclaimed Lady Grace, turning to Cyras. "You are growing a perfect little savage!" and raising her delicately-gloved hand in the heat of the moment, she struck Master Cyras some tingling blows upon his cheeks. Dr. Baumgarten, deeming possibly that to stand witness of the scene did not contribute to the dignity of the Dean of Denham, just escaped from service in his cathedral, turned away, calling upon Cyras to follow him.

It was not Cyras, however, who followed the dean, it was Lady Grace. He had gone to his own study, had laid down his cap, and was taking off his sacred vestments himself, dispensing with the customary aid of his servant. His wife closed the door.

"Dr. Baumgarten, how is this to end?" she asked.

"What do you mean, Grace?"

"I mean about Cyras; but you know very well, without my telling you. The boy has been indulged and pampered until he is getting the mastery of us all. He positively struck Gertrude the other day. The system that you pursue with that boy is most pernicious; and it will surely be his ruin. You cannot see his failings, you supply him with an unlimited command of money—"

"Unlimited!" interrupted the dean. "You speak without thought, Grace."

"I think too much," she replied. "I have abstained hitherto from serious remonstrance, for if ever I have interfered by a word, you have persisted in attributing it to a jealous feeling, because he is not my own child. But I now tell you that something must be done; if that boy is to stop in the house and rule it, I won't. I will not allow him to ill-treat Charles; I will not, I say."

"Peace, Grace; remember the day."

"I do not forget it. Your son did, probably, when he struck Charles. If you have any feeling for your other children, Dr. Baumgarten, you will take measures by which this annoyance may be put a stop to; it is to me most irritating."

Lady Grace left the room, and the dean rang the bell, despatching the servant who answered it for Master Baumgarten. Cyras had not yet gone the length of disobeying his father's mandates, and attended as soon as he had been, what the nurse called, "put to rights," meaning his unsightly shirt exchanged for a clean one. Charley, his nose shiny and swollen, but himself otherwise in order, stole in after him.

"Now, Cyras," began the dean, "we must have an explanation, and if you deserve punishment, you shall not escape it. I did not think my boy was a coward, who would ill-treat his younger brother."

The color flashed into the cheeks of Cyras, and a light into his eyes. But he would not speak.

"Come hither, Charles. Do you see his face, sir?" added the dean, taking the child's hand. "Are you not ashamed to look at it, and to reflect that you have caused him all this grief and pain—"

"Papa," interrupted Charles, "it was not Cyras who hurt me. It was the snobs."

"It—was—the—what?" slowly uttered the dean, his dignity taken a little aback.

"Those charity snobs. I was with the college boys in the cloisters, and they set upon us; there were five or six upon me all at once, papa, and I dare say they would have killed me, only Cyras came up and fought with them, because I was not strong enough. And then he sat down and nursed me as long as I was frightened, and that's how the blood got upon his clothes."

The dean looked from one to the other.

"Was it not Cyras who hurt you, then? I scarcely understand."

"Cyras loves me too much to hurt me," cried Charley, lifting his beautiful, deeply-set brown eyes, just like Cyras's, just like the dean's, to his father's face. "He was kissing me all the time in the cloisters; he was so sorry I was hurt; and he says he loves me better than anybody else in the world, and he'll pay off that biggest snob the first time he sees him. Don't you, Cyras?"

The boy turned caressingly to Cyras. Cyras looked red and foolish, not caring to have his private affections betrayed for the public benefit, and he roughly shook off Charley. Dr. Baumgarten drew Cyras to him, and fondly pushed his hair from his forehead.

"Tell me about it, my boy."

"Charley was just talking to some of the college boys, papa, and those horrid charity snobs—"

"Stop a bit. What do you mean by 'snobs?'—a very vulgar word, Cyras. Of whom do you speak?"

"Oh, you know that big charity school, papa; well, they are always setting on to the college boys, and they came up to the cloisters this evening, and Charley, being with the boys, got in for his share of pummelling, and I beat the fellows off him. That's all."

"Why did you not say this to your mamma in the nursery? You made her angry with you for nothing."

Cyras shook back his head with a somewhat defiant movement.

"Mamma's often angry with me for nothing, as far as that goes. I don't care. And as to nurse," he added, drowning a warning gesture of the dean's, "she's always telling stories of me."

"Now what do you mean by saying 'I don't care,' Cyras? It is very wrong to be indifferent, even in speech."

"I mean nothing, papa," laughed the boy. "Only I can fight my own battles against nurse, and I will. She has no business to interfere with me; let her concern herself with Charles and Gertrude."

The dean left the boys together, and went in search of his wife. He found her in her chamber. She had taken off her out-door things, and was now in her dinner dress. The attendant quitted the room as he entered it.

"Grace," said he, going up to her, "there has been a misapprehension, and I have come to set you right. Charley got into an affray with some strange boys in the cloisters (the details of which I shall make it my business to inquire into,) and Cyras defended him against them—going into them no doubt like a young lion, for he possesses uncommon spirit; too much of it. We have been casting blame to Cyras unnecessarily."

Lady Grace lifted her eyes to her husband. She knew him to be an honorable man (putting out of the question his divinity and his deanship), and that he would not assert a thing but in perfect good faith.

"What did they mean, then? Why did not Cyras speak?"

"His spirit in fault again, I suppose; too proud to defend himself against an unjust imputation," replied the dean. But the dean was wrong, unhappily; Cyras was too carelessly indifferent to defend himself. The dean continued: "I ordered Cyras before me, and began taking him to task; Charles, who had come in with him, spoke eagerly up, saying Cyras had fought *for* him, to defend him from his assailants, not *against* him. You should have heard the child, Grace, telling how Cyras sat down and nursed him afterwards in the cloisters, kissing him and wiping the blood from his face and whispering him how he loved him better than anything else in the world. Grace, those two will be affectionate, loving brothers, if we do not mar it."

Lady Grace felt that she had committed an injustice in striking Cyras, besides having been guilty of an unlady-like action, and perhaps she felt more contrition at the moment than the case really warranted.

"How 'mar it?'" she faltered.

The dean put his arm round his wife's waist ere he replied.

"Grace, you best know what is in *your* heart; whether there is not a dislike towards Cyras ranking there. I think there is, and that the feeling makes you unjust to him; if you be not very cautious, it will sow dissension between the children."

Grace Baumgarten burst into tears, and laid her face upon her husband's; she loved him almost as passionately as she had ever done.

"Ryle," she whispered, "if there be any such feeling in it, it is born of my love for you."

He smiled to himself.

"I know it, my dearest; but it is not the less inexcusable. You cannot bear to think that another was once my wife, and that he is her child. Grace, she has been dead for years, so long as almost to have faded from remembrance; surely you might let your jealousy die out and not visit it upon him."

"But you do indulge him, Ryle; you indulge him to his own—I was almost going to say destruction—but perhaps that is too strong a word. You indulge him more than is good for his benefit, far more than you do our own children."

"Nay, Grace, surely not; the idea—forgive me—must have its rise but in yourself, in this feeling I have spoken of. Or, it may be, that knowing you dislike him, I am the more kind. Perhaps it is."

"I cannot help fancying, when I see you so lavish in your affection for him, that you loved her better than you love me," murmured Lady Grace.

He turned her face up to his, and kissed it many times, telling her between whiles that she was "a goose," and "worse than a baby."

"The Very Reverend the Dean of Denham!" groans the scandalised reader. Good reader, it may not have been your fortune to know a dean in private life. It has been mine, and I can assure you they are not a whit different from ourselves. And Dr. Baumgarten, remember, was handsome, and young, for a dean; not quite forty.

Lady Grace was right, and the dean was right. The one in saying that the dean reprehensibly indulged Cyras; the other in believing that Lady Grace disliked him. Unconsciously perhaps to himself, the dean was inordinately fond of Cyras, and always had been; he did indulge him very much, especially in the fact of supplying him with a large amount of pocket-money. Cyras was naturally extravagant, and it made him more so—it induced a habit of carelessness of money; and the indulgence fostered his self-will. Lady Grace's aversion was calculated to render him more indifferent than he was by nature: it was the chief cause of his acting the tyrant to his brother, so much more cared for in the home circle (the dean excepted) than he; while he was getting into a habit of untruthfulness and deceit, in hiding his faults from her. Altogether, with Cyras Baumgarten's peculiar qualities and temperament, he was being brought up in about the worst manner he could well be. And yet, the boy might have been made into a good and honorable man, had they gone the right way to work. Poor Edith! could she look on at this lower world!

V.

In the handsome drawing-room of their town residence, Berkeley Square, sat the Dean of Denham and Lady Grace Baumgarten. They had entered the room almost at the same moment, dressed to receive guests. The dean gave a dinner party that day, and the hour, named for it, was drawing nigh.

Years have elapsed, and the dean, a man of fifty now, is more portly than he was wont to be, but Lady Grace carries her age well, and looks not a day older than the period a woman never confesses to having passed—five-and-thirty. But in the dean's face there is a look of anxious care: what can the flourishing Dean of Denham have to cross *him*?

A vast deal more than the world at large suspected. Gifted with an aristocratic wife, and she with aristocratic tastes and habits, the dean had fallen long and long ago into a more expensive rate of living than his means warranted. Embarrassment followed, as a necessary consequence; trifling enough at first, and easily staved off—not done away with, staved off. But the staving-off plan does not answer; it is something like the nails in the horse-shoe, doubling as they went on; and Dr. Baumgarten had now attained to a height of perplexity in his pecuniary affairs, not frequently reached by a dignitary of the Church.

Half the labor of his later life had been to hide it from Lady Grace, and he had in a great measure succeeded. She could not avoid knowing that they were in debt, but she had no conception to what extent, and debt is rather a fashionable complaint. She also found that the dean invariably ran short of ready money, but that is nothing uncommon either.

What of Cyras Baumgarten? He had given trouble—was it likely to be otherwise? It had always been the dean's intention that Cyras should follow his own calling, the Church. Cyras knew of this, but had not given himself the trouble to object, although never intending to fall in with it. Make a parson of him! dress him up in a black coat and a white choker! the young gentleman was wont to say behind the dean's back—no; he'd rather go in for the clown at Astley's; he'd rather be a jockey at Newmarket? he'd rather hew timber in the backwoods of America! he'd rather perch himself on a three-legged stool at a dark desk in a City office! None of those fellows need have a conscience, but a parson must, and so he'd leave the Church to those who liked consciences. The treason was reported to the dean, and he had Cyras before him; the boy was seventeen then, and had not grown less reckless with his advancing years. Though, in spite of the dean's opinion to the contrary, the objection proved that Cyras was not so totally devoid of conscience as some might have been. A serious dispute took place between him and his father, which came to no amicable adjustment, for the dean was positive and Cyras obstinate. Following close upon this, a worse matter was disclosed; it was discovered that Cyras, young as he was, had contracted debts to the tune of three or four hundred pounds. The anger of the dean was terrible; it was whispered in the house that he laid his stick about Cyras, vowing he should study for the Church, or be discarded; but whether this was true or not, even Lady Grace could not say. In the consternation arising from the disclosure of the debts, the ill-feeling that ensued upon the variance between father and son, Cyras disappeared, and when he was next heard of, it was as a sailor on board a ship, on her voyage to New Zealand. He had shipped himself as a common sailor, before the mast, and it was said had chiselled a drunken sailor out of his papers and had passed them off as his own, to enable him to do so. The ship came back, but not Cyras; he remained at New Zealand; in a merchant's house, he sent word home; and the dean transmitted him some money. Four years after, at twenty-one, he was back again, gay, rattling, reckless as of old; but exceedingly handsome, exceedingly like what the dean had been before him. This was a few months previous to the dinner, for which the dean and Lady Grace are now waiting.

It was a formal dinner party, one periodically given by Dr. Baumgarten to a few nearly superannuated lights of the Church, who came in their mitred carriages with their old wives beside them; it was not at all one of those delighted in by Lady Grace; neither Charles (but he was at college) nor Gertrude was admitted to it; Cyras would have been still more out of his element; but Cyras had not shown himself at home for the last week.

The dean stood with his elbow leaning on the mantelpiece, and his hand supporting his head; a strange weight of care sat upon his brow, so great, so strange, that it could not escape the notice of his wife.

"Is anything the matter? You do not look well."

"Well? Oh, yes."

"You are troubled then. What is it?"

"Nothing; it is nothing, Grace." And the dean removed his elbow, smoothed his brow, and called up a smile, just as the first black silk apron came sailing in. The dean, however, had received some painfully perplexing tidings not many hours before.

But never had the Dean of Denham been more courteous, more brilliant, more alive to the duties of a host than he was that evening. He sat at the head of his board after Lady Grace had withdrawn, and the social old bishops admired his learning, retorted to his wit, yielded to his fascinations, and enjoyed his good wine. It was a remark among their lordships the next day, that Baumgarten had surpassed himself. The ladies thought the same when he appeared with their lords in the drawing-room. Gertrude Baumgarten was in it then, and was singing to them some of her sweetest songs; but they forgot the songs when they listened to the dean.

A servant was crossing the saloon with a coffee-pot; he halted for a moment near his master, and spoke in a tone imperceptible to other ears.

"The gentleman is come again, sir, who was here to-day, and some one else with him. I have shown them into the library."

Drawing to the door imperceptibly as it were, with a word to one, a smile for another, the dean passed out of it, unnoticed, for they were engaged with their coffee, and Gertrude was singing again. In the library were two gentlemen, and further off, sitting at the edge of a handsome chair, as if handsome chairs and himself did not often come into contact, was a shabby-looking man. The man had been there for several hours, and had had refreshment of a substantial sort served to him three times. Of the gentlemen, one was the dean's banker, the other his lawyer; and the man was a sheriff's officer. The Dean of Denham had been arrested.

The Dean of Denham had actually been arrested! Such calamities have occurred to men even higher in the Establishment than he. As he came up to his door that afternoon, and put his foot upon his door-sill to enter it, he was

touched upon the shoulder by the man sitting now in that uneasy chair. The exclusive dean shrank from the contaminating contact, his haughty pride rose, and he spoke severely.

"Fellow! what do you mean?"

"The Reverend Ryle Baumgarten, I believe. Sir, you are my prisoner."

Staggered, shocked, almost bewildered, he, by some process of persuasion or reasoning, got the man to enter his house, and wait while he sent for his lawyer. The lawyer came. Arrangement appeared to be hopeless, for the dean was worse than out of funds, and his revenues were appropriated for years to come. The dean said, Receive the bishops that night, as had been fixed, he must; and the perspiration streamed from his face at the idea of going to prison. The lawyer knew him to be a man of honor, whose word was unquestionable, and he passed it, to go quietly to his destination the following morning, provided he could remain in his house that night. The lawyer answered for him to the capturer, and the latter was made at home in the library. Meanwhile the dean wrote a note to his banker.

The latter, wishing to be courteous, answered it in person, and sat now at the library table, the dean on one side him, the lawyer on the other. But where was the use of his coming? he had been privately saying to the lawyer, he and his house were in for it too deeply, as it was, and not a shilling more would they advance; no, not to keep the dean out of purgatory, let alone out of prison. He intimated somewhat of the same now to the dean, though in more courtly terms.

They consulted together in subdued tones, not to be audible to the man at the back, but to no earthly effect; it all came round to the same point; the dean had neither money nor money's worth; even the very furniture of the house he was in, and of the deanery at Denham, was pledged, so to be called, for money which had been lent upon it; heavy liabilities were thick upon him, and he had no means of meeting them; he had staved off and staved off the evil day, only to make it all the worse, now it was come.

Nothing could be done, nothing whatever; the lawyer was unable to help, the banker would not, and the conference closed. Dr. Baumgarten, upon thorns in more ways than one, went back to his wondering bishops, the comforting assurance that he must surrender the next morning, playing Old Harry with his brain.

"Oh, here's the dean. Lady Grace feared you must be taken ill."

"Never better in health in my life," laughed the dean, gaily. "I was summoned to the library on business; people will come at inopportune times. Your lordship is winning, I see; a knight and a castle already; fair trophies; but Lady Grace generally contrives to lose all before her, when she attempts chess."

The guests departed at the sober hour of eleven, and Lady Grace immediately prepared to go to her dressing-room. The dean had been making up his mind to tell her while he talked to the bishops; "A glib tongue covers an aching heart"—how is it that the proverb runs?

"Grace, don't go up this minute. Good-night, Gertrude."

"Good-night, dear papa."

"Ryle!" uttered Lady Grace, as the door closed, "you are not well, I am sure of it!—What were you doing when you were out of the room so long to-night?"

The dean leaned against the wall by the side of the fireplace, all his false bravery gone out of him. When the spirits have been forced for hours, the revulsion is sometimes fearful. She went up to him in alarm, and he laid hold of her hands.

"It seems," he said, with a ghastly face, "as if I should almost die in the telling it."

Her lips turned whiter than his, and her voice sank to a dread whisper. "Something has happened to Charles!"

"No, no; the children are all safe—it has nothing to do with them. It has to do with myself alone; and—you—in a degree—as part of me."

"Ryle, you are ill," she faintly said; "you have some disorder that you are concealing. Why do you keep me in suspense?"

"Ill in mind, Grace. Oh, my wife, how shall I tell you that I have been an embarrassed man for years, and that now the blow has come."

She shivered inwardly, but she would not let it be seen. "What is the blow?"

"I am arrested. I must go to prison to-morrow morning."

So little was Lady Grace familiar with "arrests" and "prisons," that she could not at once comprehend him, and when she did the popular belief in her mind seemed to be that a dean, so enshrined in divinity and dignity, could never be made an inmate of a prison. The first emotion passed, they sat down, and Grace poured upon him question after question: Whatever had brought it on? how much did they owe? why didn't he tell the lawyers to settle it?

Puzzling questions, all, for the dean to answer. It had been coming on too long for him to be able to trace "what" had brought it; little by little, step by step, the grain of sand had grown to a large desert: how much they owed he could not precisely tell, himself: and oh! the mockery of the innocent remark, Why didn't he tell the lawyers to settle it?

"Ryle!" she suddenly exclaimed, "you had an advance from the bankers a day or two ago. I saw you draw a check for two hundred and twenty pounds—don't you remember? I came in as you were writing it. Is that all gone?"

"It was the last check they cashed—the last they would cash. The money was not for myself."

"Who for, then?"

"It does not signify. It is gone."

"But you must tell me, you know, Ryle: now it has come to this pitch, you must not keep me in the dark. I must know how much you owe, and how the money has gone, and the right and the wrong of everything. Of course there's nothing to be done now, but to raise money upon my property. What did that two hundred and twenty go in?"

"Arrests seem to be catching in the family just now," observed the dean, with a bitter smile. "Cyras got arrested, and I had to extricate him. It was not much, Grace; as a drop of water to the ocean."

Whether as a drop, or a bucket, it seemed to freeze Lady Grace. "Cyras!" she ejaculated, scornfully.

"He is my son. Grace, this blow will kill me."

"If you went to prison it would be enough to, but that can't be thought of. Money must be raised on my property, I say."

"My dear, I thought you knew better. It is yours for your life only, and then it descends to your children. The Lord Chancellor himself could not raise a shilling upon it."

Lady Grace started up. "Is it so? What in the world is to be done?"

He did not say what: he foresaw too well, and his countenance betrayed it. She put her arm round his neck.

"No, Ryle, dearest, you never shall; there shall be no prison for you whilst I live. I will be back in an hour."

"Why, where are you going?" he exclaimed.

"To my brother. A cab will take me there in safety. He must manage this. Now, don't attempt to stop me, Ryle; what arm should I come to? If you are afraid, come with me."

"I wish I could. I am a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" she ejaculated. "Here, in your own house?"

"I may not quit it, except to exchange it for the prison."

She had a bonnet and shawl brought down, and a man-servant was ordered to attend her. For once in her life Lady Grace condescended a word of explanation. "She had business with Lord Avon, and the dean felt too unwell to accompany her." She remembered one important item of information she was ignorant of, and went back to ask it.

"Ryle, how much is it you are arrested for?"

"Close upon three thousand pounds."

She drove to the Earl of Avon's residence. He was not at home: his servant believed he might be at the club. Away to the club went Lady Grace. The earl was there, and the message was taken in to him. A lady wanted to see him.

A titter went round the table, and the earl exploded a little at the waiter. What the deuce! A lady to see him? What next? Who was she?

The waiter could not say. She was in a cab.

"What's her name?" returned the earl. "Impudence? Go and ask."

The man went and came back again. "It is Lady Grace Baumgarten, my lord."

Lord Avon gave a prolonged stare, and then hurried out. "Why, Grace, what's up now?" cried he, as he approached the cab. "Is Berkeley-square on fire? Or is Baumgarten made Primate of All England?"

"Come inside, Henry, for a minute, I want to speak to you. The dean's arrested for three thousand pounds."

"Oh, is he?" equably returned Lord Avon. "He has been a clever fellow to keep out of it so long. Nobody but a dean could have done it."

"And you must find the money to release him."

"Anything else?" inquired Lord Avon.

"You *will*, Henry: you must."

"Look here, Grace," said the earl. "Thousands are not so plentiful with me; but if they were, and I went to the old Jew's to-night, and paid the money down, there'd be the same to do over and over again to-morrow."

"Went to where?"

"Where's he taken to?"

"He is at home. They have gone out of their usual way, he said, and allowed him to be at home to-night; a man is there, and will take him in the morning. Henry, it must not be; you must come to his aid."

"But I say that it will be of no use. I know more of Baumgarten's affairs than you do: in fact, I have already helped him out of one or two pits—though, of course, things have been kept from you."

"But what is to be done?" uttered Lady Grace. "The Dean of Denham can't go to prison; such a scandal never was heard of. Henry, I won't stir from your side, this night, till you give me the money."

"Where am I to get it from?" quietly asked the earl. "Out of that gutter?"

"Nonsense. You possess a cheque-book, I suppose?"

"All this comes of marrying beneath——"

"Hold your tongue," interrupted Lady Grace. "He is an honor to the family: and I know, if he has gone beyond his means, it has been for my sake. Will you go home with me now, and talk things over with him?"

"No," said the earl, "I can't to-night. But I'll be in Berkeley-square the first thing in the morning, and see if anything can be done."

"What time? By nine o'clock, or it will be too late."

"I'll be there by nine. Good night, Grace."

Lady Grace returned home. She was entering the drawing-room, when the butler came suddenly out of it to meet her, and in a very unbutler-like way closed the door in her face to prevent her entrance. His usually florid complexion had turned yellow, and he spoke in a flurry, as if he did not weigh his words.

"Oh, my lady—not in there, please."

Lady Grace wondered if he had been visiting the decanters. "Open the door," she calmly said. "Is the dean there still?"

The butler put his back against it and held the handle firmly. "I beg your pardon, my lady, you must not go in."

She was alarmed now; she saw the man's agitation. Her imagination pictured the dean surrounded by a shoal of sheriff's officers, with perhaps Mr. Calcraft in the rear, or some other myrmidon of justice equally awful: her ideas were not very clear upon the distinctions of law. At that moment a servant came in view, the same who had gone with her to seek Lord Avon.

"Pull him away from the door," shrieked Lady Grace, in her tremor, to the footman, a powerful fellow six feet high. "He is mad, or has been drinking."

The butler made a sign to the man. "My lady, the dean is taken ill," he stammered; "that's the truth. I thought your ladyship had best not see him."

She waved him away in her wilful manner: she would have had him removed by force, had he held out, and the butler knew it. He stepped aside: "The nearest doctor instantly," he whispered to the man; and then he followed her in.

Leaning back in a low easy-chair, almost at full length, his head resting on the back of it, lay the dean. His face was white, his mouth was open; but his eyes were closed as if in a calm sleep. Nevertheless, there was that in his face which struck terror to the heart of his wife. She grasped hold of the butler's arm and shrieked aloud.

"Yes, my lady," he whispered, believing that she saw as well as he, "I fear it is death."

Far too deep now for shrieking, for violent outward signs, was the terror, the anguish of Lady Grace. Her thoughts flew to—knowing the situation of her husband, the exposure and disgrace hanging over him—her fears flew to self-destruction.

"I came in, my lady, just before you returned," said the butler, "and I saw him lying in this way. I could not rouse him, and I was about to send for medical aid when I met your ladyship."

Lady Grace had knelt down and clasped her husband. In that moment of horror what cared she who was present? She called him by endearing names, she kissed his face, she besought him to speak to her; but there was no answering response, and conviction told her that there never would be again.

Never in this world. But it was no act of self-destruction: he had died from disease of the heart, brought on by the evening's excitement. Cyras Baumgarten came home that night, and passed it alone with his father, in a storm of passionate sobs, reckless man as he was deemed. And the world, next day, was busy with the news that the Very Reverend Ryle Baumgarten had been gathered to his fathers, and that the rich deanery of Denham was in the clerical market.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER—SPANISH ENTHUSIASM—THE SPIRITUALISTS.

PARIS, Nov. 10, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

After, or rather, between, the violent gales that have been keeping everything on the *qui vive* for the last fortnight, we are enjoying gleams of the "St. Martin's Summer" as "blue and golden" as heart could wish for or poet describe. The foliage, it is true, lacks the rainbow tints familiar to the eyes of those who dwell on your side of the "big water," and the atmosphere lacks the soft, golden haziness which renders the "Indian Summer" so peculiarly beautiful in America; but though the trees show only "the sere and yellow leaf," and the sunshine is chequered with cloud, the autumnal visit of the patron saint of all possible donkeys is exceedingly welcome to others besides his ill-used, fourfooted *proteges*. Unhappily the too-early snows have been melted by the returning warmth of the weather; and many districts of France are suffering severely from the inundations caused by the consequent swelling of the rivers.

As to the gales, it appears that more mischief has been done by the air within the last three weeks than any single season has accomplished for more than half a century. The Spanish ships (setting out on the predetermined quarrel of their government against a power which has twice acceded to all the demands made upon it, and from which a third sacrifice has now been required, with the evident intention of forcing it to the refusal which is made to serve as a pretext for the war) have been driven back into their harbors by stress of weather; but the comparatively calmer atmosphere of the last three days, will, no doubt, have allowed them to proceed on their way to Tangiers. The enthusiasm of the Spaniards in regard to this war is something incredible. The Queen has offered to sell her jewels and her private estates towards defraying this new crusade; the students of the universities are enrolling themselves into regiments, and furnishing their own outfit; obscure parish priests are offering one half their salary to the government coffers, and private individuals are sending in voluntary subscriptions, accompanied by epistles intended to stir up the zeal of their rulers, and invoking the aid of Heaven against the infidel. One would think, to see the heaps of enthusiastic rubbish put forth by all classes of the nation, that the world had rolled back for some hundreds of years, and that the Cross was about once more to meet the Crescent with the same arms with which the infidel was threatening the believer! This sudden outbreak of the seemingly-extinct fire of the children of the Peninsula can only be accounted for through the infection of the late warlike doings of France; if, indeed, it be not the result of projects intended, in due course of time, to reach farther, and in another direction.

The "spiritualistic" movement, of which so much has been said in America, is, strange to say, gaining ground widely in the Old World. As I remarked in a former letter, the new belief is very widely spread in England; many of the "believers" being of very high rank both in the aristocracy and in the Republic of Letters. I could give you a list of persons fully convinced of the reality of the "phenomena" in question, and of their "spiritual" origin, that would probably cause you no little surprise; but refrain from so doing for obvious reasons, one of these being the probability—not to use a stronger term—of many of those now so busily occupied in obtaining and transmitting "communications," changing their opinions on the subject, and admitting the dangerous tendencies of this species of mental and moral excitement.

The same propagandism which has produced such results in England has been going on here also, and with similar effects; and the number of "spiritualists" in this very unspiritual city is now considerable, including, as in England, writers of high repute, men of science, and people of rank and fashion. A friend of mine from England, who varies the round of London courtly dissipation by an annual visit to the Continent, and who, for a couple of years past, has been an ardent votary of the faith in tables, has just been spending a few weeks here, and through her I have learned, with some surprise, how very numerous are her fellow-believers, and how robust is their faith. For so much ridicule is heaped on these people by those who do not accept the new "phenomena" as genuine or worthful, that the former have grown very shy of proclaiming their opinions to "outsiders;" and I have been much amused at suddenly learning that, even among the circle of my own acquaintance, lots of persons whom I had never suspected of a leaning towards the "spirits" were in reality "up to their eyes" in all the marvels of the new faith! "Circles" meet here, at certain houses, on stated evenings; experiments of all kinds are carried forward; counsels are bestowed on inquirers with great generosity; prescriptions are given to those who are ill; messages from the higher "spheres" come down "as thick as blackberries;" people see things in the air, in their minds, in crystals, in mirrors; hands and whole figures are perceived by the faithful; and a new journal, called the *Revue Spirite*, is issued regularly.

Among the most famous "mediums" now here, and being caressed and petted by their confiding friends, is a German, the Baron Goldenstube, and his sister, of whose doings I have been hearing astounding things from my London friend. The Baron appears to be a *bona fide* nobleman, of well known *status*, and good fortune; his wife is a firm believer, but is not a "medium;" while his sister—said to be very clever and amiable, but the most weird, unearthly, odin-looking little creature you can imagine—shares her brother's gifts, and even surpasses him in this line. The Baron and his sister, with a number of friends, have been in the habit, for two years past, of going to the churches here, placing bits of paper and pencils on the tombs, and finding messages written on the papers by the spirits of those whose mortal remains lie beneath the marble. I have not been to the scene of operations, but those who have been tell me that the Baron lays a bit of paper and pencil on each tomb from whose occupant they desire to hear, and retires a few paces from them; that in the course of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour the friends approach the tombs and take up the papers, when messages are found written on the latter. The papers are examined carefully before they are laid on the tomb, and are known to be certainly innocent of all trace of writing; the visitors remain within a few paces of them, so that no one could approach the tombs without being seen; and yet, when the papers are taken up, they are found to contain writing, sometimes legible, sometimes not, but always distinctly visible. The disappointing part of the business, however, is the extreme platitude and imbecility of these "messages;" yet one would think that if Charlemagne, Henri IV., Generals, Admirals, philosophers, and sages, who have had the advantage of centuries of reflection upon the events they witnessed down here, do really take the trouble to communicate with us of the present day, they would at least have something striking and interesting to say. But, judging from these messages, one is tempted to think that the minds of the writers have lost, rather than gained, by their sojourn on the other side of the Veil. A week or so ago my friend caught a violent cold in her left eye; I saw her on Thursday, and found the white of the eye changed, as it were, to a piece of red cornelian. It was frightful to look at, and I fully expected that she would find herself "in for" a long and painful attack, and a long bill at her oculist's. Before the attack had come on, my friend had been desired (by the "spirit" of some old Norman knight, with a very romantic, unknown name, who came to her one evening at the Baron's house,) to go, on the following Friday, to Sevres, to place a paper and pencil in the middle of the public road, at thirty paces from the entrance to the famous china manufactory, and to wait there for a message from him. Though her eye was so inflamed as to compel her to relinquish all invitations, Mrs. —— did not send for her doctor, (another "spirit" had sent her word "they were going to cure her,") nor did she hesitate, protected by a thick veil, to go to Sevres at the time appointed. She and a friend, having counted off the thirty paces, held a bit of blank paper over the spot indicated, for a few minutes, "to magnetize it," and then laid it on the ground with a pencil, covering them with some stones, so as to prevent the wind (which was high and cold) from blowing the paper away. Mrs. —— says that she hardly ventured to hope the writing would take place, as Baron Goldenstube, who, with his sister, had been told to accompany her, took no part in the thing, but walked about with his sister in various directions, looking at the building and the fine prospect. Presently the two came up to Mrs. ——, and offered to place the paper for her.

"Thank you," said Mrs. ——, "I have placed it myself; it is under those stones yonder."

"But you will probably have no message," returned the Baron, "you are not yet a medium, and it would have been better to allow me to help you."

"Perhaps so," replied Mrs. ——, "but I felt an impulse prompting me to try my own power; Miss —— and I have magnetized the paper before putting it under the stones, and by and by we shall see what is the result."

At that moment, Mlle. Goldenstube suddenly went off into a sort of cataleptic vision, throwing up her arms, which grew rigid, and declaring, with a face of horror, that she saw a man in armor where the stones were: a javelin had struck him, under the arm, between the joints of his mail, and the blood was flowing in torrents.

"He will not die of his wound," she cried, "but he suffers dreadfully; he begs Mrs. —— to take the paper from under the stone; he has written upon it, and says that she must put the paper, as though it were a plaster on her eye to-night, when she goes to bed, and it will cure her."

I forgot to say, in the right place, that Mrs. —— had been informed by the Norman Knight, when he gave her the rendezvous at Sevres, that he had been wounded at the spot indicated, ages before the manufactory was built, but had managed to escape, and was cured of his wound; a communication which Mrs. —— positively declares none of the Goldenstubes could possibly have overheard, and of which she said nothing to them.

On going to the spot, and lifting off the stones that coured the paper, the latter was found to be mared with a single letter—an L or an S—very distinct, but so firmly traced, that the back of the paper was raised by the pressure of the pencil, and under it was a queer little mark, much better traced, which appeared to be not a letter, but a cabalistic sign. Intensely delighted with the success of her experiment the party returned to Paris; and on retiring for the night, Mrs. —— laid the paper over her inflamed eye, tying it carefully in place with a handkerchief. Next morning, to her great satisfaction, the eye was cured! Now it is certain that Mrs. ——, however much she may unconsciously deceive herself, is quite incapable of attempting to deceive others; and as to the fact of the sudden and inexplicable cure of her eye, I, myself, and numbers of her friends, are witnesses to its reality; but what is one to think of such an occurrence? In this case good seems to have been done; but on another occasion, when this lady was sitting in a circle at the Baron's, she was suddenly addressed by a "spirit," who called himself George IV. of England, and as she detested him, she at once began to express her hope that he had repented of his evil doings on earth, repeating the uncomplimentary verses that a contemporary poet—Moore, I think—addressed to the royal sinner. Immediately on this, Mlle. Goldenstube screamed out that she saw him strike Mrs. —— on the shoulder, and, at the same instant, that lady's arm was drawn up by a violent cramp. Another friend of mine (an utter unbeliever who had gone there that evening out of curiosity,) was seated next Mrs. —— when this occurred, and she declares that Mlle. Goldenstube's exclamation of "she saw the King's hand on Mrs. ——'s arm" and the cry of pain, and shrinking of muscles on the part of Mrs. —— were really simultaneous. The Baron now came to Mrs. —— and began "de-magnetising" her arm, soon relieving her of the cramp; but for a day or two afterwards, the marks of her own nails were visible in her hands, and also a slight discoration of her arm, on one of the places where the King had seized her. A pretty sample, at all events, of the "influences" to which those who enter into "rapport" with the friends of tables are exposing themselves and calculated to give one anything but hopeful anticipations of the results of the reformatory "influences" brought to bear on one in the other world. Before closing this letter I must mention that it is at the house of the Baron in question that the famous expriments of obtaining writing by simply puting paper and pencil into a basket, the "role" only placing their hands on the table, at a distance from the basket, are said to have taken place. Unfortunately, however, these wonderful writings are only vouchsafed when the incredulous people who can't believe such things on hearsay, happen not to be present.

Every different "circle," moreover, seems to arrive at different set of conclusions. The "doctrines" propounded by one set of "spirits" are rejected as false by the others. It is therefore difficult to see, even granting the authenticity of these "revelations" to be all that their disciples believe of them, of what use they can be for our enlightenment and guidance.

It is certainly difficult, when the numbers of "believers," and the intelligence and honesty of so many of them are taken into account, not to admit the probability that some things really do occur in these "circles" which our ordinary philosophy is unable to explain; but from this admission to the belief in their spiritual origin or their intrinsic value, there is a very wide distance; and if it be difficult not to believe that there is something here which we cannot satisfactorily account for, it is equally difficult, on the other hand, and with the abundant evidence we have already had of the aptitude of the so-called "Spirit Manifestations" to produce mental and nervous disease, to drive their votaries mad, and to kill them, not to admit their exceeding danger, and to deplore the spread of the new practices as one of the most deplorable tendencies of the day.

QUANTUM.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOREVER.

Along the Paris streets the dead-carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. All the devouring and insatiate Monsters imagined since imagination could record itself are fused in the one realities, Guillotine. And yet there is not in France, with its rich variety of soil and climate, blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a pepper-corn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror. Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seed of rapacious license and oppression over again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.

Six tumbrils roll along the streets. Change these back again to what they were, thou powerful enchanter, Time, and they shall be seen to be carriages of absolute monarchs, the equipages of feudal nobles, the toilettes of flaring Jezebels, the churches that are not My Father's house but dens of thieves, the huts of millions of starving peasants? No; the great magician who majestically works out the appointed order of the Creator never reverses his transformations. "If thou be changed into this shape by the will of God," say the seers to the enchanted, in the wise Arabian stories, "then remain so! But if thou wear this form through mere passing conjuration, then resume thy former aspect!" Changeless and hopeless, the tumbrils roll along.

As the sombre wheels of the six carts go round they seem to plough up a long, crooked furrow, among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the ploughs go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupations of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. Here and there the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with something of the complacency of a curator or authorized exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before.

Of the riders in the tumbrils some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others, with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again there are some so heedful of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theatres and in pictures. Several close their eyes and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for it is always followed by a press of people toward the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart and holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in the long street of St. Honore cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy and prison-sheep. He looks into the first of them; not there. He looks into the second; not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears as he looks into the third,

"Which is Evremonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries,

"Down, Evremonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evremonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the Spy entreats him, timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit; it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evremonde!" the face of Evremonde is for a moment turned toward him. Evremonde then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Therese!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Therese Defarge!"

"She never missed before," says a knitting woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cries The Vengeance, petulantly. "Therese!"

"Louder," the woman recommends.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!

"Bad Fortune!" cries The Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair; "and here are the tumbrils! And Evremonde will be dispatched in a wink, and she not here! Seeing her knitting in my hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!"

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash! A head is held up, and the knitting women, who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One!

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evremonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine, that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone.

Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative, and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate—for I cannot write—and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes: better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind, strong face, which gives me so much support, is this: If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think—" the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble—"that it will seem long to me while I wait for her in the better land, where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant! Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting women count Twenty-Two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefulest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Jurryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I see the evil of this time, and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous, happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her, with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honored and held sacred in the other's soul than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honored men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story with a tender and a faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

The End.

Charles Kean.—During a visit to Exeter a ludicrous incident occurred. Kean had a favorite Newfoundland dog, named Lion, who accompanied him everywhere, and usually remained in his dressing-room while he was on the stage. One evening, during "Richard III.," the door happened to be left open, and Lion heard the well-known voice in loud excitement. He trotted out, and appeared at the wing just as Richard and Richmond were on the point of engaging in the last scene. Lion growled at his master's antagonist, exhibited his teeth, and rushed furiously forward; whereupon the terrified Richmond, deeming the odds too serious, fled from the field and was seen no more. Kean, being left without an antagonist, was obliged to fall and die unwounded. Lion bestrode his master in triumph, licking his face and barking vociferously while the curtain fell, amidst a roar of laughter and applause. Richard was then unanimously summoned before the curtain; presenting himself, he made his bow, and retired. Loud calls continued for the dog, but Lion having enacted his unstudied *role*, declined a second appearance.

☞ The Matrimonial Code.—The Husband reigns, but it is the Wife who governs.—*Punch*.

THE DOOMED SISTER.

We had cast our lot, my twin-brother and myself, in the roughest township of Upper Canada. Twenty years are in the grave since then—twenty years, rung out and rung in by the clang of the woodman's axe—and still that township lies in the heart of its primeval forest. Clotted woods overhang the solitary village, composed of a few log huts, nightly drenched, as with a death-sweat, from the malaria of the swamp.

A river reft the huge tangle of the woods with its dark sluggish waters, which crept and oozed in among decaying trees on either side. Banks there were none, and the bached skeletons of the rotten trees alone marked off the channel of the river from the oak fen, fetid with myriad impurities. Such was the aspect of the melancholy Scugog. Our village was by no means a large one. The scattered huts which made it up had been knitted together by a sprinkling of hardy pioneers on a solitary bluff which repelled the river from its base, and gave to fearless settlers the ground of vantage over the surrounding swamp. There was not, however, much clear ground—nay, very little; everywhere we were hemmed in by battalion after battalion of monotonous trees. Not all the pioneer chivalry of the world could cut an open way through their ranks. Like brave hearts on battle-field, when one serried line fell, to another had arisen in their place. As for our fellow-settlers, we found them of a piece with the country—rough and hardy, as they need to be who, twenty years ago, colonise the Scugog.

We were twins, Jack and I, in otherwise unlike. He was a fine fellow; I knowledged his supremacy, and rejoiced in a bold, free spirit. From his childhood he had been the most impulsive creature that ever pointed a moral for headlong youth. Ever scrapes and difficulties, but never to his dishonor, Jack fought one half his acquaintance into loving him, which the rest did of their ill will; and my heart still warms involuntarily towards the wild impulsive boy, with his headstrong soul all agog for mischief.

I confess I was somewhat dismayed by the aspect of our new country; free from the sunny lanes of Kent, and the loyal circle at home, could it be otherwise? But as for Jack, he was in raptures with everything that disquieted me. Nothing was more charmingly romantic than our hut on the cliff, and no river could equal the brown, banked melancholy Scugog.

We did not settle down to the regulation-life of a settler all at once; we determined to sip the nectar of life on the Scugog if, indeed, there was any of that ambrosial draught to be drained in the township. The ionation of the swift canoe kept us almost constantly on the dark mysterious river; and, in truth, there was scarcely any other outlet from our dwelling save on its waters. By day, we fished and we shot from our frail skiffs; and by night, when the moon was up, we would paddle them in her silvery wake.

I have said that a few rough settlers formed our society on the Scugog; among them were some half-breeds—a species of degenerate Indian—who had sunk from the dignity of forest-life to the servitude and buffeting of the white settlers. They were lazy, good-for-nothing fellows, except in the matter of fishing or shooting, wherein they were proficients. We found them useful in giving instruction in the canoe-life of our river-home. I preferred, for my own part, to go pretty much by myself on our water-excursions. Jack, however, had no such idea of placid enjoyment, and speedily leaving me to my aquatic reveries, he hired a hang-dog looking scoundrel named Olier to assist him in the management of his canoe. He was no great disciple of Lavater, but I never liked that half-breed. All these dregs of Indian nobility are sallow, blear-eyed creatures, with a world of cunning, but this fellow was chief of them all for every repulsive trait. Of course Jack ridiculed my sentiments about his new visitor; he was a match for half-a-dozen, such fellows like Olier, he said; and it was all right, and I was not to bother my head about it.

It was getting late in the fall; the Indian summer—that beautiful dream of holiness—had restored to us in evanescent vanity the glories of a Canadian autumn. The forests were as gay with color as a herald's tabard, and the air was yet balmy with the lingering sweetness of summer. One exquisite evening, born of one of these lovely days, I was listlessly smoking as I lay on the top of the bluff, vacantly sketching home-landscape in the dark Scugog rolling beneath. A noise shot round the bend of the river below the village; it was paddled by a solitary figure, who turned out to be Jack. I knew he had gone down the Scugog to fish along with Olier; but now no half-breed squatted in the opposite end of the canoe. A vague dread seized upon me as Jack, running his little bark sheer up the bank, shouldered his paddle, and marched up to me.

"How now, Jack! what have you done with your charming companion?" I inquired, disguising my conjectural fear.

"Gad! I don't know," replied my brother, sitting down, oriental fashion, beside me.

"Not know?"

"Not a bit," was his answer. "How should I be acquainted with all the ins and outs of that Rosamond's Bower?" Here he indicated as much forest with his arm as would have made a few thousands of the Bowers in question.

"Oh, I perceive: he's gone tracking deer, or something of that sort," said I, immensely relieved by Jack's manner. There was a slight pause. My fears returned: I felt there was something wrong.

"Well," said Jack, "I'll tell you. I don't see why there need be any secret about it. You were quite right about that Olier—you were. He's a good-for-nothing fellow, and quite coolly refused this afternoon to paddle me, when I wanted to go down the river a bit further than usual."

"And you!"

"I ran the canoe upon a yard of bank—whether an island or not, I cannot tell—gave the insolent rascal a good bastinado with the paddle, and set him ashore."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed with horror, "don't you know, Jack—haven't you sense enough to understand—that these Indian fellows are vindictive to the last degree—that they will never forget or forgive a blow?"

"Pooh!" said he, getting up quite merrily, and marching homewards, saying over his shoulder: "Oh, you don't bother yourself! Olier will be down on his marrow-bones to-morrow—see if he isn't. Besides, I owe him half a dollar."

To-morrow came, unfruitful with the half-breed's submission. The story got abroad amongst the huts, and the old settlers, who knew their man, shook their heads ominously, and boded no good to my impulsive brother. However, two days passed harmlessly, during which Jack and I fished and shot together. Olier had not reappeared, and I began to breathe more freely. Doubtless, he had left the district. He was an unsettled fellow at any rate, and had no property or ties in the village to tempt his stay.

Twenty miles below the village the dark Scugog whitens into rapids, and is hurled with gigantic power over a lofty precipice. I had often wished to see the falls, but it had been hitherto impossible to accomplish the distance by my single arm. At last my wish was to be gratified. A shooting-party was made up by some of the villagers, and, at my urgent request, I was included. The arrangement was to spend a night at the falls, camping out on the bank, and return the following day. Instead of canoes, we were to sail down in a large flat-bottomed boat, termed, in Canadian parlance, a scow. Strange to say, Jack did not care about going, saying that he would enjoy himself more in his own canoe; and, as we were already crowded for room, we did not press him to change his resolution.

Our expedition had little in it noteworthy. The river for over twenty miles' sail remained the same, monotonous, melancholy Scugog, never varying for the space of a hand. Not a vestige of clearance was there between our village and the falls, not a glimpse of bank. The trees lined the waters like a wall, and, save the wild game, no one ever tried to force a way through their close-knit ranks, roofed at the base by a tangle of unwholesome verdure. This aspect I had stern reason for remembering. The only bright thing was the patch of cloudless blue sky seen at the extremity of this long reach of wood and water. Over all brooded the intensest silence. No bird trilled us a single song: all was still, save for the lugubrious woodpecker, which, perched on a rotting tree, hammered its hollow sides with its beak. Tap, tap, tap!—it was a most unearthly sound.

We had seen the stupendous falls in their lonely majesty, and were steering homewards in our scow. As we neared the village again, distant only some five or six miles, the sun was sinking behind the tree-horizon. A slight blue haze bathed the long reaches of the river with ineffable softness and beauty. We voyaged on a liquid field of cloth of gold. But ever and again, marring my intense perception of its loveliness, came the ghastly tap, tap, tap of the woodpecker. I could not resist a chilly sensation of horror as I listened to the measured cadence, echoing through the solitude. It sounded like a coffin-maker hammering at his dismal task. A relief suggested itself. Some of my companions were French Canadians, and the evening before had cheered our bivouac with some gay *refrains* of sunny France. I asked them for a stave; but I said nothing about the woodpecker, whose note I wished them to drown. A strong chorus soon vanquished the bird of ill omen, and rang up the vaulted river. I recollect the strain well: it was a favorite *voyageurs'* ditty, sung to the dash of the oar, and began—

Mon joli canot blanc,
Ramez, ramez, ramez.

Suddenly the song lulled, and again I shuddered as I heard the reverberating tap, tap of my ominous bird aloft on a spectral fir. My companions had ceased rowing, too, and called my attention to a canoe, which was floating down the river a few yards ahead of us. They thought it was a break-loose, and stood by to strike a boat-hook into it, with the prospect of a reward from the owner up at the village. It soon dropped down to us, and came, like the note of that ghostly woodpecker, tapping against our skiff. There was a stifled cry of horror from the settler at the bow; and as we crowded forward to see what was the matter, another cried out the awful tale of blood: "Here, young fellow, see your brother—stalked by Olier, as sure's there's death in a rifle-bullet!"

It was an awful end! My poor brother lay bent over his idle paddle in the canoe, weltering in his heart's blood. An avenging bullet had passed through his heart. Stalked by Olier! Fiendish Indian, that was thy work, and my brother's blood rested on thy head. I shall not now detail the agonies of that Indian summer. Through all my grief ran the thought of an exterminating vengeance. Vengeance! nay, scant justice. I sought what has been law since the world began—blood for blood. It was vain in those early times of a judicial system in Canada to seek for a rigorous pursuit from the dispensers of legal justice: the criminal executive might be willing, but their arm was weak. Retribution, in the trackless wild of wood and water where I dwelt, could proceed only from my own steady purpose and solitary endeavor.

I could depend for but small aid on the settlers. Some of them, indeed, cursed the foul murder in no stinted speech; but others again imputed little crime to the blood-stained redskin, and even went so far as to justify his speaking code of vengeance. Olier had left the district, but a certain instinct told me he would ere long come back again. Likely enough he would suppose I could not long remain in a place to which such hateful memories clung, and that he might then safely venture back. I waited my time. Safe he was in the tangled thicket; but, to the end, I knew that no covert under heaven would preserve him harmless from my wrath.

Winter set in, hard, and white, and cold. The river Scugog was a level road of ice; the trees were choked up with snow, and on each side of the ice-bound river the forests towered like massive cliffs of chalky rock. No path could now be forced into the recesses of the forest below our village. Scarcely had winter settled down for his undisturbed reign than I heard whisperings that the villain half-breed was again hovering on the outskirts of the settlement. It was told me that he was living in a kind of wigwam above the village, and also that he had more than once come to the very dwellings of the settlers by night, to visit his friends, and obtain various articles for his camp. I knew it would be vain to attempt to track him to his wigwam, or, at all events, to surprise him; his wood-craft was much too deep to admit of such a possibility. But a strange, wild joy trembled through my being when I heard he came by night to the village. A terrible scheme of vengeance swept across my soul; and I felt, no matter how fiendish the spirit, that the doom of the half-breed was fixed, and that I was to be his unrelenting executioner.

I have said that the river, below our settlement, was bordered by an impenetrable forest, without symptom of clearing or the abode of man. The drifted snow, lying in deep masses on each side of the river, up even to the tops of the trees, rendered this impenetrability still more appalling and stubborn. The forest which lined the ice-bound Scugog supported a solid wall of frozen snow. For twenty miles the river, with its wooded banks, was nothing more or less than a funnel of ice and snow.

Night after night I lay concealed at the bluff, awaiting the murderer; I was armed with pistols, and wore skates. Skating was an amusement which I had excelled in when a schoolboy, and facility in the art was of the first importance to my scheme of retribution. At length he came. It was an exquisite night; the white expanse around sparkled in the sheen of a young Canadian moon, which sailed calmly through a cloudless sky. I could have shot the villain as he skated by me within fifty yards, but I would not risk the chance, and besides my vengeance cried for a sterner fate than death by the pistol. No sooner was he past my hiding-place, than, with a shout of exultation, I started on his track. Olier swerved a moment, to see who his pursuer was, then, quick as lightning, tried to double up the river again. But I had anticipated this, and with a cocked pistol in either hand, I barred his passage. With a curse, he turned, and sped swiftly down the ice.

And now the race for life began. Mile after mile we swept along in silence. An awful portentous silence it was, through which nothing broke save the hollow bottom of the swift steel cutting its way over the imprisoned Scugog. The moon lit me nobly to my vengeance. He could not escape me, for I found with my savage glee that I was a match for the swift-footed Indian. Olier soon became aware of this too, for, now and then, he would skate close to the woods, looking in vain for an aperture. But no; there was but one outlet from this walled-in river; and that was *over the falls!*

Faster and faster yet we skated towards the cataract. It could not be far off. I pictured to myself what Olier's thoughts might be. Did he know whither he was hastening? or had that awful light yet to flash on his guilty mind? The half-breed made answer to my thought. I saw him in the pale shimmer start convulsively, and throw his arms in the air; but he dared not stop, and on he darted again with a yell of despair, which echoed weird-like up the frozen channel. Another sound came to my ear, and I knew what had caused that cry of agony to burst from Olier; it was the dull thunder of the falls! We were nearing them fast.—Still the walls of snow shut in my victim, and every moment lessened his frail hopes of escape. One chance was left him—to distance me, and hide somewhere in the snow from my scrutiny. Vain hope, the wings of the bird could scarce have saved him!

Hoarser and louder grew the noise of the waters. If I thanked the Almighty in frantic prayer that the murderer was delivered into my hand, I humbly trust that it is forgiven me now. From the time I had first started on Olier's track, we had maintained exactly the same distance between us—perhaps about a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards. I still grasped my loaded pistols, ready for any stratagem on the part of the murderer.

And now the crash of the falls came loud and ominous on the air. Another five minutes would decide the hunt. Suddenly, Olier turned and stood at bay. He was not armed; I had felt certain of that all along, for otherwise he would have measured strength with me before. Without bating my pace, I skated down upon him, holding a levelled pistol in each hand. Still, my purpose was as fixed as ever only to shoot the villain as a last resource. When I was within twenty yards of him, the coward faltered, and again turned swiftly down the river. With a yelling laugh I pursued him, pressing still more hotly on his track.

Deafening was the roar of the cataract; high into the pale sky ascended the mist of its spray, through which the splintered lines of the moonlight darted in rainbow-tinted beauty. I could see directly in front the jagged line of the ice, where it was broken by the rapids immediately above the cataract, and beyond I could trace the dark volume of the Scugog, as it emerged from its prison of ice and snow. For an instant the half-breed turned his face towards me, as I pressed with concentrated hate on his footsteps; never shall I forget the horrible despair that distorted the villain's features. It was a mercy that the sullen roar of the falls drowned his curses—I knew he was shrieking curses on me—for they would have haunted me in after-years.

With the courage which is begotten of the darkest despair, he dashed on to the brink of the rapids, and the next moment I was alone on the ice! I gazed with stern joy on the dark flood which had seized in its resistless hands the shedder of blood, and was hurrying him over the falls. For a moment, I thought I could perceive the murderer struggling in the eddies; but the illusion, if it was one, could live only for an instant. The cataract was within pistol-shot, and as I turned up the dreary wilderness of ice and snow, I knew that the doom of the guilty skater had been fulfilled.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 192—Adults 95, and children 97.

A NEWFOUNDLAND AND BULL-DOG STORY.

The Newfoundland dog's name was Tippoo. The bull-dog's was Boxer. They were neighbors of mine in early life, and I was personally acquainted with both animals—though on widely different grounds of intimacy. Tippoo was my bosom friend, and I loved him. Boxer was Tippoo's most relentless and cruel enemy, for which reason I hated him, and would have sought his blood, but that—being of tender years and cautious temperament, conscious, moreover, of presenting an appetising display of bare leg, insisted on by the sumptuary laws of the period—I thought it possible that he might take a fancy to mine; and so, as a rule, kept discreetly out of his way. For he was an ugly dog was Boxer, and a vicious; a bandy-legged, black-muzzled, truculent, nervous-eared, tight-skinned, implacable, ill-conditioned dog, very like my *beau ideal* of what the Champion of England ought to be. Terrible was the ferocity of his bead-like eyes, and the aggressive protrusion of his gladiatorial chest. In justice to the dead (for I am happy to anticipate the announcement of the offensive brute's demise), I feel bound to say that he had a somewhat humorous expression of countenance, which I can honestly assert to be the only redeeming characteristic I remember to have noticed in the creature's generally repulsive appearance.

Tippoo was a very different kind of quadruped. I believe him to have been the most perfect gentleman that ever stood upon four legs, just as I believe Boxer to have been the most consummate ruffian that ever was lifted, by the agency of hemp-cord, from any number of those locomotive supports. Tippoo was nearly as tall as myself, I could just look over his glossy silken-ringletted back, when cuddling his noble neck. He wore a full suit of black and white, particularly snowy at the bosom. He was as strong as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb. Next to playing with me, (which I am proud to believe was his favorite pastime,) he delighted in nothing so much as the exercise of carrying in his mouth a favorite cat, attached to the household of which he was so conspicuous a member, to the bottom of a steep lawn; then releasing, and running a race with her to the top. The cat was generally the winner, and always seemed to enjoy the triumph immensely. To this day I believe Tippoo made a point of running slowly on purpose, so as gallantly to concede victory to the weaker vessel.

Tippoo belonged to a country gentleman (a sort of "half-squire," as they would say in Ireland) who resided opposite to my father's house. In my opinion, and in that of the majority of my playmates, Tippoo was the most respectable inhabitant of the village, up to the advent of Boxer, who came among us unexpectedly, on a visit to Tippoo's mater, in the train of a sporting lawyer of detestable memory. As soon as that subversive brute (Boxer—not the sporting lawyer,) had made his appearance, we felt much as the loyal servants of King Louis the Sixteenth must have felt on the outbreak of the Great French Revolution. Monarchy was deposed in favor of blackguardism. But the blackguard was strong and merciless, with a set of terrible white teeth, ever eager to bite. So that we poor little partisans of the ancient *regime* were fain to clench our impotent fists in secret.

Tippoo had no chance against Boxer. What is the use of a well-dressed gentleman, let him be never so strong or skillful in the use of his clenched digits, descending from his cabriolet to do battle with a scavenger armed with a mud shovel? He sedulously avoided Boxer, who, on his side, lost no opportunity of hunting out and persecuting Tippoo. Tippoo was losing character dreadfully. He neglected his food, kept his kennel, and was unanimously pronounced a coward of the most contemptible stamp. His very court flatterers (we were no better than the more matured and ambitious of our species), began to blush for their sovereign's pusillanimity.

One day the masters of the two dogs stood on the lawn already alluded to, in amicable converse with a third person, no other than my own father, to whom I am indebted for the details of this instructive story. Boxer stood between his proprietor's legs, which, like his own, were bandy. I have the keenest recollection of those legs—master's and dog's—and I remember that the whole six were modelled upon the same pattern, which was one extremely distasteful to my feelings.

"Hallos!" said my father, "here comes Tip! We shall soon see him sneak away when he discovers Boxer. Dreadful coward, that big dog of yours, Matthews, to be sure."

"Well, he used not to be so," said Tippoo's master reluctantly, "but I must confess that since Wilkins has been here with his bull, the overgrown cur has made me ashamed of him."

"No call for that," said the bull-dog's master, "better dogs than Tip have funked at the sight of my Boxer. By Jove, though, he hasn't bolted yet. He'd better, or Boxer will murder him!"

Boxer certainly showed playful indications of a desire to attempt that experiment, by pricking up his ears and starting off at a brisk trot in the direction of Tippoo, who, however, to the astonishment of the spectators, made no movement towards recovering the shelter of his easily accessible kennel. On the contrary, he seemed to wait for and encourage his aggressor's attack.

"The dog's mad, clearly," said the lawyer.

"Looks like it," Mr. Matthews assented.—"He isn't acting like a dog in his senses."

"Getting very near the water though, for a mad dog," observed my father.

And in truth, *to get near the water*, was the main object of Tippoo, than whom a more thoroughly sane dog did not exist at that epoch of canine history.

There was a deep dyke running at the bottom of the lawn, fed from the reservoir of a neighboring tin-mill, and which had been greatly swollen by recent rains. Tippoo, keeping his large full eyes carefully fixed upon his approaching foe, sidled in a coquettish, serpentine manner towards the brink of this artificial stream.

There the bull-dog flew at and pinned him. Tippoo crouched on the grass prostrate, submitting to the outrage without a growl.

"Call him off, Wilkins," said Tippoo's master, in excited tones. "The purest Newfoundland in the county! I wouldn't have him injured for twenty pounds!"

"Hi! Boxer! Here, boy! Good dog! Let go!" the sporting lawyer clamored, as a shower of sticks and stones were launched by the trio of spectators to enforce the command.

But Boxer would not let go, and Tip would not resist or run. He merely kept on slipping, sideling, and lumbering towards the brink of the water, dragging the bull-dog with him by the mere inert force of his superior weight.

Suddenly a splash was heard, and the triumph of Boxer was at an end. The combatants had rolled together into the swift, deep current of the dyke, and there they speedily changed places. I say "speedily," narrating, as I do, an actual fact; though I am aware that it may seem to require some explanation, inasmuch as the grip of a bull-dog is supposed to be a final affair, lasting the life-time of the pinner or the pinned. I can only suggest that my gentlemanly friend Tippoo was from the first so completely on the alert as to prevent his ruffianly antagonist from getting a sure and firm hold. However that may be, Tippoo, released from custody, in his turn seized his assailant by the neck, held him under the water, and *drowned him!* The brave, sagacious water dog, wrongly imagined to be a coward, knew his own power in his own element, and had watched his opportunity. Would that we were all as wise!

Ere the just execution had been thoroughly accomplished Tippoo's glossy, patrician hide was pretty well cut to pieces by the missiles now hurled at him instead of his aggressor. But he received them all without a wince, till he felt that his enemy under the water was thoroughly dead. Then he brought the ignoble carcass out of the stream between his teeth, threw it on the grass with a jerk, and stood with his fore-paw resting on its flank with a calmly defiant expression, that might clearly be translated by the words—

"*Now*, let this dirty, ugly rascal presume to take liberties with his betters. Make the best of him as he lies there!"

I know this story to be a true one, for my father told it to me. Moreover, I remember exulting over the sight of the drowned Boxer's disfigured remains, (just the least thing in the world ashamed of the feeling, perhaps, but I certainly felt it) and doing my best to console my darling Tippoo for his unsightly wounds, by gifts of stolen refreshment—the best medicine I knew how to offer. I suppose that Tippoo, also, is dead by this time. Most of my early friends are, and it may be my turn next, as likely as not. I have finished for the present.

PAUL WARD.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The protest of the Moorish Government against the conduct of Spain in declaring war, is published. It asserts that the demands of Spain in each instance, upon being conceded, were followed by increased pretensions; and also, Morocco protests against Spain because that, on three occasions, she paid no attention to her engagements, and declared war without legitimate notice.

A warlike article in the London Times of the 5th had produced a great sensation in France. The Paris journals generally say that the views set forth are exaggerations, and that the unfriendly feeling, if any exists, is entirely owing to the violence of the British press.

The Paris correspondent of the Times, of Saturday, states that a confidential communication of an important nature has been addressed by the Minister of the Interior to all the prefects of France, with a view of obviating the effect produced in England by the violent language of the French press. The prefects are instructed to invite such journals to be more circumspect. The Minister says that a journal, while defending energetically the rights of the country, might easily avoid offending the susceptibilities of a great people by pursuing this line of conduct. Also, that the dignity of the Imperial policy may be reconciled with the interests of the alliance of France and the maintenance of peace.

It is reported that Garibaldi is about to resign, and retire to the Island of Sardinia. In confirmation of this, the London Post's correspondent says that Garibaldi had sent in his resignation of the command of the army of Central Italy. The King of Sardinia accepted it, and named him Lieutenant General of the Sardinian army.

China is said to have virtually repudiated her newly ratified Treaty with this country, by refusing to open the ports of Suantopl and Taiwan, as thereby stipulated. We believe, however, that, by the Treaty itself, the Chinese might thus refuse, while the dispute with France and England was still pending.

Senator Seward and John Brown.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Times writes that Mr. Seward has arrived in that city, and indignantly denies ever having even heard of the projected insurrection of Harper's Ferry, and although he recollects having received a call from a man known as Col. Forbes, there was no mention made of such an attempt at insurrection. Col. Forbes asked him for means for another object, which he refused, and that was all he ever saw of the individual in question.

Threatening Letters.—A hundred and twenty-five letters were received a week ago, by Governor Wise, in one day, all containing threats. If these are hoaxes, the abolition fanatics must be great practical jokers., John Brown, of course being the funniest joker of all.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

☞ Placing the Pen Behind the Ear.—The practice of thus resting the pen when not in actual use is ancient. According to Wilkinson, the scribe of ancient Egypt would clap his reed pencil behind his ear when listening to any person on business, as the painter was also in the habit of doing when pausing to examine the effects of his paintings. In the Middle Ages, also, public clerks and registrars carried a pen behind the ear.—*Things Not Generally Known.*

☞ There are truths which some men despise because they have not examined them, and which they will not examine because they despise them.

☞ Lamartine, in one of his articles, written since the Revolution of '48, declared that the fatal defect in French character, which made a permanent French Republic impossible, was lack of conscience.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	ISA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

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A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

A large and beautiful Engraving on steel, 17 by 22 inches, called "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," will be sent to every subscriber to "THE POST" for 1860, who shall send, in addition to his subscription, the sum of twenty-five cents, to pay the expense of postage, mailing, &c., &c. The retail price of this engraving is FOUR DOLLARS. It is a Gem!

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☞ *Sample Copies of the Post sent gratis when requested.*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE Emperor of the French has invented a cannon on the principle of Colt's revolvers. A formidable gun of this description, has been constructed according to the Emperor's model.

THE RUSH AT OAKFORD'S,

For his superior Furs still continues, and no wonder—they are so good and cheap. We advise all our lady readers to go there and buy their Furs; they have the largest and best stock in the city. Remember, OAKFORD'S,
No 624 Chestnut street, below Seventh.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2000 head. Prices remained steady at the figures last quoted—8 to 9½c for prime, 6 to 8c for ordinary, and 3 to 4c for inferior or stock cattle. Sheep—4000 head arrived, and sold at from 6 to 8c ℔ lb, according to quality.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 2196 head were at market, and sold at $6¼ to 7¼ ℔ 100 lbs net, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Dec. 8.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is quiet—sales of 8000 bbls at a slight advance; $5,10@5,15 for State; $5,60@5,65 for Ohio, and $5,65@5,75 for Southern. Wheat dull. Corn is held higher, but there have been no sales. Pork quiet at $16,12½ for Mess, and $16,50 for Prime. Lard steady. Whiskey dull.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour has been rather more active this week, the demand being partly speculative, and holders have put up their prices fully 12½c ℔ bbl, sales reaching some 9000 bbls in lots at $5,25@5,37½ for standard superfine; $5,62½@5,87½ for extras, and from $5,87½ up to $6,50 for extra family and fancy lots, as in quality, and 1000 bbls Western extra and extra family, on terms kept private, the market closing with few, if any sellers, at our lowest figures. The trade have also been buying to a fair extent at the above rates for superfine and extras, and fancy brands at from $6,75 to 7,25 ℔ bbl. Rye Flour is wanted with but little offering, and some further small sales are reported at $4,25. Corn Meal is steady but quiet, and only about 400 bbls Penna Meal found buyers at $3,75.

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for Wheat during the past week, and about 30,000 bus were disposed of in lots, partly taken on speculation, at an advance of 3@5c ℔ bus; at the close, however, buyers were holding off, and part of the improvement was lost; the sales were mostly within the range of 130@135c, chiefly at 133@135c for good and prime reds, and 140@144c for white. Rye has been in good request at fully former quotations, and most of the lots offered, some 4000 bus, were disposed of at 93c for Pennsylvania, and 90c for Delaware. Corn is better, and about 28,000 bus yellow sold at from 65 to 75c for new, as to condition; 78@80c for mixed lots, and 90@93c for old Corn, the latter afloat; some white brought 75@82c. Oats are firmer, and 25,000 bus sold mostly at 42c for Delaware, and 44c for Penna. Of Barley and Barley Malt the receipts and sales have been moderate at previous quotations.

PROVISIONS—Holders of barrelled meats are firmer, but the receipts and stocks are light; there is very light doing, and mess Pork is quoted at $16 @16½, with small sales at the latter figures; city mess Beef is held at $15 ℔ bbl, with limited sales of Bacon; the receipts and sales are also light; we quote hams at 11@13c; sides 10@10¼c, and shoulders 8@8½c. Green meats are but little inquired for, and in the absence of sales quotations are nearly nominal. Lard is firmly held, with sales of 300 pkgs at 10½@11c for bbls and tcs, and 11¼c for kegs, mostly cash. Butter moves off slowly at 15@17c for roll and 10@12c for packed. Cheese—No change, and prices range at 10½@11½c ℔ lb. Eggs are more plenty, at 20c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market for this staple has been very dull this week, but without any marked change to note in prices, sales only reaching some 800 bales, in small lots, at from 11½ to 11¾c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK—Quercitron is unsettled and lower, with sales of about 100 hhds to note, mostly at $27 for first No. 1. There is not much doing in Tanners' Bark, and sales of Chestnut Oak are reported at $10 @10½ ℔ cord.

BEESWAX is firm, with further sales of 4000 lbs yellow at 34@35c, the latter for prime lots.

COAL—There is very little animation in the market, the mild weather having a tendency to limit the demand both for shipment and home use, and business is dull for the season, without any change, however, to note in prices.

COFFEE—There has been very little movement in the market during the last week, and only some 2000 bags Rio have found buyers in lots, at previous prices, which range at 11@12c, as in quality, on the usual credit, including a lot of damaged at a price kept private.

COPPER is without alteration, and we are only advised of some further sales of yellow metal at 2c ℔ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are selling in lots as wanted at 47@48c for good Western. The receipts and stocks are light, but the demand is limited.

FRUIT—Green Apples and Cranberries are more abundant, we quote the former at $2½@4, and the latter at $12@15 ℔ bbl as in quality. Dried Fruit is also more active, Apples selling at 5½@6¼c, and Peaches at 7@10c for unpaired, and 11@15c ℔ lb for paired, as in quality.

HEMP—There is no alteration in the market, and a limited business to note, the stock being mostly in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES continue dull, and no sales have come under our notice to alter quotations. There have been no further arrivals this week.

HOPS are moving off in lots as wanted at from 13 to 17c for common to good and prime Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market generally is dull, and prices about the same. There is very little demand for Pig Metal, but sales of 3000 tons Anthracite are reported, in lots for future delivery, at $23, $22 and $21, for the three numbers, on time. Some 300@400 tons also sold, in lots for present delivery, mostly at $23½ for No. 1, and 22½ for No. 2, 6 months. Scotch Pig is freely held, but we hear of no sales. Blooms and Boiler Plate are inactive, and prices the same. Bars and Rails are also steady, but quiet at quotations.

LEAD is in light stock, and we are only advised of a further small sale of Virginia at $5,75 the 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER continues dull. Prime stock, however, is scarce, but there is very little doing in the way of sales, the demand being mostly to supply the city trade, at about previous rates.

LUMBER—There has been rather more doing to supply the country trade, within the range of quotations, but receipts are more than equal to the demand. A cargo of Yellow Pine Timber sold at $20 ℔ M. No further sales of Laths have come under our notice.

MOLASSES is quiet; 250@300 bbls new crop New Orleans have been disposed of, to arrive, at 56c and some lots of Cuba, on the spot, at 24c for clayed and 28c for muscovado, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER is in limited demand, and a small sale of Soft only is reported at $3 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There has been a fair inquiry for Clover-seed, and most of the lots offered, some 3000 bus, have been disposed of at from $5 to 5,25 for fair to prime Seed, including inferior at $4@4,50 ℔ bus; prime lots are scarce and wanted at our highest figures, but for other kinds the demand is limited at the close. Of Timothy, sales of 1200 bus are also reported at $2,40@2,50 ℔ bus, mostly at the latter rate for prime, to go out of the market. Domestic Flaxseed is selling at $1,55 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—There is not much doing in foreign, owing to the high rates demanded for Brandy. Of N E Rum the sales are moderate at 35@36c. Whiskey has been dull and drooping—hhds selling at 25½ @26c; drudge 24½c, and bbls at 26@27c for Penna and Ohio.

SUGAR—The stock is very much reduced, and holders firm, the sales comprising some 350 hhds and 500 bozes Cuba, mostly at 6@7c ℔ lb, on time.

TALLOW—The market continues dull, and city rendered selling slowly at 10½c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO is unchanged, and a limited business doing both in Leaf and Manufactured.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Dec. 3, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ¼ dis
Solv bks ¾ dis
NEW YORK.
Sol bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis
GEORGIA.
Solv bks 1 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks 1 dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ¾ dis
OHIO.
Solv bks ¾ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ¾ dis
INDIANA.
State bank ¾ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 2½ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks ¾ dis
TENNESSEE.
Old bks 1½ dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 2 dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 2 dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis

☞ NEW PROVERB.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.—*Sat. Press.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

According to the order of the Society of Friends, on fifty-day, 24th ultimo, JOHN C. FARRIER, to SARAH H. daughter of Wm. B. Wilson, all of Burlington, N. J.

On Monday, 28th ultimo, at St. Peter's Church, by the Right Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, D. D., JOHN C. RALSTON, to ANNA ROWAN, daughter of John R. Penrose.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 30th, at Saint Andrew's Church, by the Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, D. D., LEVI T. RUTTER, to SALLY ROBINSON, daughter of Abraham R. Perkins.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. G. Oram, Mr. WILLIAM J. CRAVEN, to Miss MARGARET M. RUTTER, both of Manayunk.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JOSEPH MOSS, of this city, to Miss LAVINIA J. YOUNG, of Woodbury, N. J.

On Thursday, Nov. 24, 1859, by the Rev. Doctor Swentzel, Mr. WILLIAM H. WOODRUFFE, to Miss HARRIET HOWELL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Monday evening, 28th ultimo, ANN MARIA, wife of A. J. Lewis.

On Monday morning, Nov. 28th, Mrs. ELEANOR MEHL, consort of the late Martin Mehl, in her 68th year.

At Norristown, Montgomery county, Pa. on the 28th ultimo, Mrs. JULIA EDEY, relict of the late Richard A. T. Edey, Esq. formerly of the Island of Barbadoes, W. I. in her 73d year.

On Monday evening, 28th ultimo, WATERS DEWEES, in his 89th year.

On Wednesday morning, 30th ultimo, MARGARET, wife of Geo. B. Reese.

On the 26th ultimo, LYDIA J. BANCROFT, relict of the late Thomas Bancroft, in his 55th year.

In Seymour, Indiana, Nov. 23d, CHARLES R. HAWES, formerly of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, MARGARET, relict of the late Geo. Barclay, in her 92d year.

On the 27th ultimo, Miss MARY LINEHAN, in her 27th year.

On Sunday, 27th ultimo, ELIZABETH D. wife of Wm. Saunders, and daughter of Jas. Porter, Sr. aged 28 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1862	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102¼	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	97½	98
" " new	101	102
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	—	50
All'gy City 6 pr ct	65	70
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	42½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93½	93¾
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	80	83
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1856	100	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	99½	99¾
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	157	158
Philadelphia	115½	116
Par & Mech	55½	56
Commercial	48½	49
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	25½	26
Southwark	60	—
P Township	34	35½
Kensington	54	55
Girard	46	47½
Western	—	60
Man & Mec	25½	26
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	45	46
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	—	94½
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	50
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	54	—
Exchange	54	—
Kentucky, Ky	119	—
Northern "	122	—
Louisville "	118	119
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	108	104
Planters "	110	112
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	9	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	22½	—
Lehigh Zinc	6	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N American Ins'co	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	31	—
Southwark and Frankford R R	57	58
Bonds	89	90

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	100	102½
2nd "	87	87½
stock	37½	37¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	122½	123½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	78	80
mort 6's '44	—	90
'50	70½	71
stock	50½	50¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	87	87½
stock	38	38
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	35	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	99¼	—
Ches Val R R, '73	33½	—
Tioga R R, '75	—	85
Wil'mn & Elmira 7's 1st mort	47	48
2nd "	9	9½
stock	3	4
Catawissa	3	4½
Beaver Meadow stock	60½	—
preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penn'a R R stock	9	9½
6 pr ct loan	60½	61
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	43½	43¾
6 pr ct loan	97	103½
Minehill R R	54½	—
Har & Lan R R stock	55½	58
bonds '82	99	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	16
Long Island R R stock	21	13½
bonds	82	85
Erie R R stock	14	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	64	—
Michigan Southern	76	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	70½	71
Imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	8	9
preferred	15½	16
Lehigh Nav stock	49½	49¾
mort 6 pr ct	99	—
scrip	26	27
Morris Canal's preferred	109½	109¾
Cam & Del	46	—
bonds	77½	—
Union bonds	1	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	3	5
	25	26

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A YOUNG FATHER.—Certainly, if you have done Mr. Disraeli the distinguished honor of christening your baby after him, you have a right to apply to that gentleman for a sovereign or two, in the child's name. The Marquis of Westminster usually sends a £5 note in such cases. The Nurse is the proper person to send to Grosvenor Gate.

EDWARD CLODDS is very anxious for an introduction to a refined family, in which there are some elegant young ladies. His laudable object is not so much matrimony, for he has no money, as to be induced gradually to wean himself from the habits of inebriation, keeping his hat on in a room, wearing muddy boots, and smoking a short, clay pipe. He thinks that in time, if he had familiar access to such a household, he might be cured of some, if not all, of these practices. Any West End family desiring such a guest, can write to *Mr. Punch*.

AMOR VIRTUTIS says that he never goes to a friend's house without feeling an almost irresistible desire to steal the spoons. He asks, is this a crime? Certainly not; it is mere organization; and if you wish for the spoons, what are a few ounces of white metal, compared to a fellow-creature's happiness? No true friend would grudge you such a trifle.

MARIA.—We can hardly advise you how to turn your Grecian nose into a *nez retrousse*, which you say Frederick likes; but something may be done by rubbing it upwards whenever you use your pocket-handkerchief, and by thinking constantly of handsomer girls than yourself.

A YOUNG READER is informed that the beautiful lines—

> "How doth the little busy bee
> Improve each shining hour,"

are Lord Byron's. They occur in *Lalla Rookh*, where Roderick Dhu, the Last of the Goths, reproaches Clara Vere de Vere for idleness.

ELEONORA X.—The author you name is one of the most virtuous as well as one of the handsomest men of the day; but as he has already three wives, and is engaged six deep, your chance is almost hopeless. Still, send him the £500 note, under cover to us.

LECTOR INSIPICUS asks who is the author of the lines—

> "Twinkle, twinkle, little cow,
> How I wonder at you, how!
> Up above the world so bright,
> Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white."

We do not remember to have met with them, but they read like Cowley.

SARAH JANE DODDRIDGE.—Although we think that metaphysical disquisition is not properly within the range of a secular periodical, we have no objection to reply to your inquiry, and say that we do not believe corn-plasters to be anything but palliatives, and that you must get the corn out.

KIRBY.—No person who wishes to be in health, will walk less than a quarter of a mile daily, unless the weather is bad, or the exertion exceedingly distasteful. The more sleep we take, the better. The poets have said, "How beautiful is sleep;" and, besides, we knew it without them.

STUDIOUS SAMUEL has burned down several houses, in consequence of his habit of reading after going to bed at night. He asks us whether he ought to discontinue the practice. We can only say, that if such trifles deter him from improving his mind, he has taken a name which he does not deserve.

KNAVE OF CLUBS.—Your friend may have been somewhat hasty in throwing the cards in your face, and knocking you down with the candlestick; but if we had been your opponent, and you had said "How Hot," and your partner had played two Hearts, we should have shied a tumbler at you.

G. FLETCHER.—We read all the plays you sent, and thought them very good; but, unfortunately, our laundress has disposed of them, by mistake, to a butter merchant whose name the poor woman cannot remember. You had better write some more, and keep copies this time.

A THOUGHTFUL GLAZIER.—Divide the rectilinear arc of polarity by the cube of arithmetical parallelopipedal progression, and the product will be what you ought to pay for putty.

A CONSTANT READER.—Nay, with pleasure. Besides, is it not everyone's duty to inform those who are less instructed than himself? R. I. P. in an obituary means "Respected in the parish."

PESTERATUS.—No, it is undoubtedly unlawful for you to fire a pistol at a person bringing you a writ, or a subpœna. We are not so sure about the case of a County Court summons; but you had, perhaps, better take counsel's opinion before discharging the weapon.

J. V. P.—Nothing is more snobbish than imagining offences, or taking them where they are not intended. If he called you an everlasting idiot, with no more brains than a pumpkin, and not half so much heart as a cabbage, we suppose it was only in playful *badinage*. If, as you say, it was before ladies, this proves it was only in fun; for who quarrels in their presence? You had better beg his pardon for having been irritated.

EBORAX sends us a packet of original articles, and promises to send a hamper of game. If he will be kind enough to send the hamper, and send for the original articles, we shall be much obliged.

A SINCERE ADMIRER.—We don't want any advice; and if you don't like us, you needn't take us in. Is it you, do you think, or we, who are obliged by your paying threepence for a casket of unequalled wit and inimitable wisdom? Better consider that problem before you talk of patronising. We patronise you, and creation generally.

BETTY.—Go to bed.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.—It is not a good thing to see two brothers so intimate and inseparable. When you see it, you may conclude that there are some discreditable family secrets, which each is afraid the other will reveal if allowed to form a new friendship.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.—And he is a perfect right to give you the black eye, if you used the language you mention. No matter, to be told that he is losing his figure.

A YOUNG NATURALIST.—A fun is not a quadruped as your cousin says, but a uniped. We agree with you that flavor is rather insane, and so thought Lucius Varro, when he wrote *Fungor inani mane*.

PHŒBE ANN.—With every disposition to promote the marriages of our fair corpondents, we are unable to agree with you, that a young gentleman's asking you whether you did not think Walworth a nice place to live (he living there) is such an offer of marriage as will enable you to bring an action for breach of promise. Try to get him to become gushing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHARP PRACTICE.—An Ohio correspondent becomes sponsor for the following, which, as a matter of fact, he wishes to put on record:—"W—— is one of the richest men in those parts, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, which he overturned upon a cow. The poor beast was smothered to death before they could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Mr. W—— the next day, and demanded payment for the loss of his cow.

"Certainly," said Mr. W—, "what do you suppose she was worth?"

"Well, about ten dollars," says Jones.

"And how much did you get for the hide and tallow?"

"Ten dollars and a half, sir."

"Oh, well, then you owe me just fifty cents."

Jones was mystified, and W— very fierce in his demand, and before Jones did get the thing straight in his mind he forgot over the money.

THINGS TWO HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.—*Scene*—Library in the house of an eldergent somewhere in Australia. Old gent telephs to the kitchen, and waiter ascends in a boon. *Old Gent*—"John, fly over to Calcutta and tell Mr. Johnson that I shall be happy to see him sup with me. Never mind your cossaw. Go." John leaves, and at the end of 5 minutes returns. *John*—"Mr. Johnson says he will come; he has got to go to St. Petburgh for a moment, and then he will be here." *Old Gent*—"Very well, John. Now set the machine for setting the table, and telaph to my wife's room, and tell her that Mrohnson is coming; then brush up my balloo for I have an engagement in London at twel o'clock." John flies to execute his orders and the old gentleman runs over to the West Indies for a moment to buy a fresh orange.

SELECT COMPANY.—The Lowell *Crier* relates the following:—"We have frequently heard the advantages of keeping a pig spoken of, but the slang terms of expression we hardly so convincing as the argument which came to our ears a few days since while passing through one of the by-ways of Lowell, inhabited chiefly by the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle. A new sty had been built for the comfort and convenience of a shoat, the progy of Bridget Malrooney, and Bridget's neighbor, Ellen Flaherty, had called to inspect the premises, during the progress of which we happened to be passing.

"An illigant sty," said Ellen enthusiastically, "and the fine shoat—*what company he'll be for ye when Patrick's away!*"

POSTHUMOUS PRACTICE.—Old Mr. Trudge dies, and after his lamented decease a will is found in his strong box, bequeathing to Lily Woodbine, the belle of the village, beloved by Harry Honeysuckle, and loving him in turn, an annuity of thirty thousand a year during her life, so long as she shall remain single and unmarried; the whole legacy, principal and interest, in the event of her marrying, to go to the Asylum of Idiots.

WHAT THE BELLS SAY.

"As the fool thinks, the bell clinks." We are all prone to interpret facts and tokens in accordance with our own inclinations and habits of thought. It was not the voice of the bells that first inspired young Whittington with hopes of attaining civic honors; it was because he had conceived such hopes already that he was able to hear so distinctive words, "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." "People make the bells say whatever they have a mind." (Puch). In a Latin sermon on widowhood by Jo Raulin, a monk of Cluny of the fifteenth century, there is a story which Rabelais has told sin in his own way. Raulin's version is this—A widow consulted her parish priest about re-entering into a second marriage. She told him she stood in need of a help-mate and protector, and that her journeyman, for who she had taken a fancy, was industrious as well acquainted with her late husband's trade. 'Very well,' said the priest, 'you had better marry him.' 'And yet,' rejoined the widow, 'I am afraid to do it, for who knows but may find my servant become my master?' 'Tell, then,' said the priest, 'don't have him.' But what shall I do?' said the widow; 'the business left me by my poor departed husband is more than I can manage by myself.' 'Marry him, then,' said the priest. 'Ay, but suppose he turns out a scamp,' said the widow; 'he may get hold of my property and run through it all.' 'Don't have him,' said the priest. Thus the dialogue went on, the priest always agreeing in the last opinion expressed by the widow, until at length, seeing that her mind was actually made up to marry the journeyman, she told her to consult the church bells, and they would advise her best what to do. The bells were rung, and the widow heard them distinctly say, 'Do take your man, do take your man.' Accordingly she went home and married him forthwith; but it was not long before he thrashed her soundly, and made her feel that instead of his mistress she had become his servant. Back she went to the priest, cursing the hour when she had been credulous enough to act upon his advice. 'Good woman,' said he, 'I am afraid you did not rightly understand what the bells said to you.' He rang them again, and then the poor woman heard clearly, but too late, these warning words: 'Do not take him, do not take him.'"—*Kelly's Proverbs of all Countries.*

MOST OFFENSIVE!

YOUNG TOODLES, who prides himself upon his being a "*man of the world*," and "*by no means a marrying man*," as well as upon his fine appearance in his new highland costume, is accosted one day at the railway station as follows:—

PORTER (*with a baby's perambulator*):—"If you please, sir, is this your'n?"

(As Toodles told his intimate friend Noodles, afterwards, "*It was lucky he survived the shock.*"

Agricultural.

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

In the eyes of the Chinese human excrements constitute the true substance of the soil, (so Davis, Fortune, Hedde, and others tell us,) and it is principally to this most energetic agent that they ascribe the activity and fertility of the earth.

Except the trade in grain, and in articles of food generally, there is none so extensively carried on in China as that in human excrements. Long, clumsy boats, which traverse the street canals, collect these matters every day, and distribute them over the country. Every Coolie, who has brought his produce to market in the morning carries home at night two pails full of this manure on a bamboo pole.

The estimation in which it is held is so great that everybody knows the amount of excrements voided per man in a day, month, or year; and a Chinese would regard as a gross breach of manners the departure from his house of a guest who neglects to let him have that advantage to which he deems himself justly entitled, in return for his hospitality.

In the vicinity of large towns these excrements are converted into poudrette, which is then sent to the most distant places, in the shape of square cakes, like bricks. For use these cakes are soaked in water, and applied in the fluid form. With the exception of his rice fields, the Chinese does not manure the field, but the plant.

Every substance derived from plants and animals is carefully collected by the Chinese, and converted into manure. Oil cakes, horn and bones are highly valued; and so is soot, and more especially ashes. To give some notions of the value set by them on human offal, it will be sufficient to mention that the barbers most carefully collect and sell, as an article of trade, the somewhat considerable amount of hair of the beards and heads of the hundreds of millions of customers whom they daily shave. The Chinese know the action of gypsum and lime: and it often happens that they renew the plastering of the kitchens, for the purpose of making use of the old matter for manure.

No Chinese farmer ever sows a seed of corn before it has been soaked in liquid manure diluted with water, and has begun to germinate; and experience has taught him (so he asserts) that this operation not only tends to promote the growth and development of the plant, but also to protect the seed from the insects hidden in the ground.

During the summer months all kinds of vegetable refuse are mixed with turf, straw, grass, peat, weeds and earth, collected into heaps, and, when quite dry, set on fire; after several days of slow combustion the entire mass is converted into a kind of black earth. This compost is only employed for the manuring of seeds. When seed time arrives one man makes holes in the ground; another follows with the seed, which he places in the holes; and a third adds the black earth. The young seed, planted in this manner, grows with such extraordinary vigor that it is thereby enabled to push its rootlets through the hard, solid soil, and to collect its mineral constituents.

The Chinese farmer sows his wheat, after the grains have been soaked in liquid manure, quite close, in seed beds, and afterwards transplants it. Occasionally, also, the soaked grains are immediately sown in the field properly prepared for their reception, at an interval of four inches from each other. The time of transplanting is towards the month of December. In March the seed sends up from seven to nine stalks with ears, but the straw is shorter than with us. I have been told that wheat yields one hundred and twenty fold more, which amply repays the care and labor bestowed upon it.

It is quite true that what suits one people may not on that account suit all countries and all nations; but one great and incontrovertible truth may, at all events, be learned from Chinese agriculture, viz.: that the fields of the Chinese cultivator have preserved their fertility unimpaired and in continued vigor ever since the days of Abraham, and of the building of the first pyramid in Egypt.* This result, we also learn, has been attained solely and simply by the restitution to the soil of the mineral constituents removed in the produce; or, what amounts to the same thing, that this has been effected by the aid of a manure, of which the greater portion is lost to the land in the system of European (and American?) cultivation.—*Liebig's Modern Agriculture.*

* Vessels of Chinese porcelain are found in the pyramids, of the same shape, and with the same characters of writing on them as on modern China at the present day.

HOW TO MAKE AN OBSTINATE HORSE DRAW.—A friend of mine was an eye witness of an instance of Yankee ingenuity winter before last in Northern Vermont. As it is fully an infallible method to make such a horse pull, and as it may be of use to many of your subscribers in a similar case, I give it to you, as follows:

As my friend was riding along one day on horseback, he saw two men, each with a heavy load of wood upon his sled. One of the horses of the team behind becoming very obstinate, a variety of ways were tried to make him draw, but without avail. He would pull backwards so as to prevent the other horse from drawing. After coaxing, whipping, &c., in vain, the following method was very successfully tried. A stout rope was made fast to the obstinate animal's tail, and then passed under his belly in such a way as to pass between both the hind and the fore legs, and the other end was made fast to the front team. When all was ready, the horses of the front team were started, and no horse, I will venture to say, ever pulled better. Let others try the same method, and they may be assured, that if it does not work successfully, it is because the animal does not care enough for his tail, to follow it.—*N. E. Farmer.*

CHINESE FOR PIGS.—J. J. Mechi, of Triptree Hall, England, has been publishing his experience in fattening swine, and, among other things, he has learned the fact "that pigs are very fond of coal ashes or cinders, and that you can hardly fat pigs properly on boarded floors without giving them a moderate supply daily, or occasionally." He says: "In the absence of coal ashes, burned clay or brick-dust is a good substitute. If you do not supply ashes they will gnaw or eat the brick walls of their sheds. I leave to science to explain the cause of this want. It is notorious that coal dealers, where pigs have access to the coals, are generally successful pig feeders. Those who find that their pigs, when shut up, do not progress favorably will do well to try this plan; a neighbor of mine found that a score of fat pigs consume quite a basket of burned clay ashes daily; we know that there is an abundance of alkali in ashes. I wish some of your practical correspondents would communicate their experience on this matter, and I also want them to state how many pounds of barley meal it takes to make 1 stone (14 pounds) of pork, not dead weight."

SMUT IN WHEAT—EXPERIMENT.—I am a farmer, and reside in a neighborhood where large quantities of spring wheat are raised, which is frequently so affected with smut as to deteriorate its value; consequently the question frequently arises, what is the cause, and the preventive of smut wheat? In order to answer that question, I tried the following experiment, which is only one of many that I am or have been engaged in:

I prepared the plots of ground exactly alike, and sowed them the same time. No. 1 was sowed with smut wheat, entirely. No. 2, with wheat that had been bruised: (having read that that was the cause of smut wheat.) It included all conditions of bruised wheat, from a ground kernel to a perfect one. No. 3 was sowed with wheat that had been rolled in smut until the kernels were all black with it. The kind of wheat used was Canada Club. The result was, that the smut wheat (No. 1) did not grow. No. 2 produced few stalks; but *no* smut. No. 3 produced *one-half* smut wheat.

Farmers should experiment.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HOW TO FATTEN CHICKENS.

We make the following extracts from an article on this subject in the London Cottage Gardener:—

"It is hopeless to attempt to fatten them while they are at liberty. They must be put in a proper coop; and this, like most other poultry appurtenances, need not be expensive. To fatten twelve fowls, a coop may be three feet long, eighteen inches high, and eighteen inches deep, made entirely of bars. No part of it solid—neither top, sides, nor bottom. Discretion must be used according to the sizes of the chickens put up. They do not want room; indeed, the closer they are, the better—provided they can all stand up at the same time. Care must be taken to put up such as have been accustomed to be together, or they may fight. If one is quarrelsome, it is better to remove it at once; as, like other bad examples, it soon finds imitators. A diseased chicken should not be put up.

"The food should be ground oats; and may either be put in a trough, or on a flat board running along the front of the coop. It may be mixed with water or milk; the latter is better. It should be well slaked, forming a pulp as loose as can be, provided it does not run off the board. They must be well fed three or four times per day—the first time as soon after daybreak as may be possible or convenient, and then at intervals of four hours. Each meal should be as much and more than they can eat up clean. When they have done feeding, the board should be wiped, and some gravel may be spread. It causes them to feed and thrive.

"After a fortnight of this treatment you will have good fat fowls. If, however, there are but four or six to be fatted, they must not have as much room as though there were twelve. Nothing is easier than to allot them the proper space; as it is only necessary to have two or three pieces of wood to pass between the bars and form a partition. This may also serve when fowls are put up at different degrees of fatness. This requires attention, or fowls will not keep fat and healthy. As soon as the fowl is sufficiently fatted it must be killed; otherwise it will still get fat, but it will lose flesh. If fowls are intended for the market, of course they are, or may be, all fatted at once; but if for home consumption, it is better, to put them up at such intervals as will suit the time when they will be required for the table. When the time arrives for killing, whether they are meant for market or otherwise, they should be fasted, without food or water, for fifteen hours. This enables them to be kept for some time after being killed, even in hot weather."

Useful Receipts.

CORN BEER.—Boil one pint of corn, until quite soft, in enough water to cover it well, and pour it into a jar. Add a quart of syrup or good molasses, a pint of sugar, a quart of dried apples, two ounces of pulverized ginger, a cup of solid yeast dissolved in a little warm water, and three gallons of water. Set it in a warm place in winter, and a cool place in summer. It will be fit for use in a day or two.

PERSIMMON BEER, No. 1.—It is made as corn beer, with the addition of the persimmons. Locusts added, also, will improve it.

PERSIMMON BEER, No. 2.—Take two-thirds of persimmons, and one-third corn meal. Mix them well together, and bake in loaves, till they are firm and hard; they should bake slowly, taking care not to burn them. Then take the loaves and throw in a clean tub, and pour on warm water enough to soften them; when all is mashed up, it will be a thin dough. Then add as much boiling water as there is dough; after stirring it sufficiently, strain it through a sieve, and put it into a keg or barrel, and in a day or two it will be fit for use.

HOW TO RESTORE LETTERS DAMAGED BY WATER.—Alfred Smee has forwarded to the London Times a recipe for the recovery of writing obliterated by the action of sea-water. The letter so damaged should be lightly once brushed over with diluted muriatic acid, the strength as sold as such at all chemists' shops. As soon as the paper is thoroughly damped it must be again brushed over with a saturated solution of yellow ferruginate of potash, when immediately the writing appears in a Prussian blue. In this latter operation plenty of the liquor should be employed, and care must be taken that the brush be not used so roughly as to tear the surface of the paper. The letter should then be washed in a basin of clean water and dried first between the folds of blotting paper, and subsequently by holding it before the fire, when the letter is fit for the counting-house. If the letter should be of much permanent value, he recommends it to be carefully sized with a solution of isinglass before being filed; but if the paper has been much rotted, the operation requires care, and should not be done until a notorial copy or photograph has been taken. Where the operation is to be conducted by those having some knowledge of chemistry, a little of the solution of the red ferruginate of potash may be added to the yellow, as in some cases it would render the color more complex.

CIDER-MAKING WITHOUT PRESSING.—It is stated that a man at Parkersburg, Virginia, is successful in making cider by the following process:—He grinds the apples, and fills casks with one end open, the bottom having some sticks and straw, like a leach for ashes. On the pumice he pours as much water as it would field juice by pressure, and that displaces the juice, and sends it to the bottom, from which after two days, it is drawn by opening the faucet, and as the cider is heavier than water, it runs off at first pure. The pumice, too, having affinity for water, absorbs that, which displaces the natural juice, and leaves the pumice quite tasteless. This process may be useful to persons who have a few apples and no cider-mill.

☞ THE *Charivari* gives a sketch of a Zouave taking leave of his friends of the camp; he tells them he is going home to get married; to which a chasseur replies, "Ah! you are tired of peace already, are you, and going to war on your own account?"

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 7, 8, 4, 9, 8, 7, is a town in Missouri.
My 11, 3, 7, 8, is a river in the west.
My 9, 10, 3, 9, 10, 3, 12, 6, 9, is a tribe of Indians.
My 8, 9, 14, 15, 4, 11, 8, is a city in Oregon.
My 8, 14, 10, 2, 16, 9, is a Southern city.
My 9, 8, 1, 11, 12, 3, 7, is a bay in North America.
My 7, 8, 4, 4, 2, 16, is a city in Maine.
My 6, 12, 8, 4, 16, is a lake in Russia.
My 9, 8, 12, 14, 11, 8, 13, 3, is a city in South America.
My 9, 7, 8, 12, 9, 2, 8, is a city in Europe.
My 5, 2, 12, 6, 9, 5, 2, is a county in Michigan.
My 7, 8, 4, 4, 6, 12, is a county in Illinois.
My 9, 14, 6, 7, 8, 4, 14, is a county in Tennessee.
My whole is the name of one of the Presidents.

Ellenboro', Va. M. M. W.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 6, 4, 5, 2, implies instruction.
My 9, 4, 1, 2, signifies not any.
My 4, 3, 1, 7, 5, signifies proprietor.
My 4, 3, 2, signifies to be indebted.
My 2, 9, 5, 4, 6, 6, signifies to register.
My 2, 8, 10, 7, signifies relief from pain.
My whole is a Southern city. M. M. W.

Ellenboro, Va.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five letters, if correctly placed,
Will plainly show on what I'm based;
Erase my first and I will tell
What some men do to "cut a swell;"
Erase my first two, and you'll see
An insect, smaller than a bee;
My first and fourth erase, and read
What proves a pest to man indeed;
Transpose the same if you've a mind,
And a kind of resin you will find;
The answer now you'll surely guess,
If any wit you do possess.

St. Paris. COWDEN.

CHARADE.

My first do all nurses possess,
And dandle my second upon it;
My whole is a part of the dress,
Attached to the cap or the bonnet.

ALTON.

RIDDLE.

More truly valuable am I,
As visibly is shown,
Than California's gold could buy—
Which you at sight must own.

Of one alone, or else of three,
You'll fabricate my name;
Then, even backwards spelling me,
You'll find me still the same.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the shadows of night
Are dissolved into light
By the piercing rays of the sun,
And lost in the streams
Of those bright beams,—
My first has fairly begun.

My second's a weight
You can place on a slate,
And strange as it may seem,
It is a big load
Upon a good road,
For any one-horse team.

My whole is a town
Of some little renown,
Found in Ohio's State,
Which, if you can't guess,
You'll surely confess,
That thick indeed is your pate

St. Paris, O. COWDEN.

RIDDLE.

We are little tiny creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
One of us you'll find in tin,
One of us a box is in;
If the last you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

MENSURATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The length of a certain oblong box for the holding of grain, is in the inside 6 inches longer than broad, and 10 inches broader than high, and the diagonal from any of the lower corners (where the three sides meet,) to the inner edge of the extreme opposite upper corner, is found to be 3 feet and 4 inches. Required, the solid contents in bushels of grain the said box will hold; the bushel to hold 2150.4252 cubic inches. DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A wealthy farmer owns a valuable tract of land, whose shape is an exact circle, and has a splendid house in the centre of it. There are two roads running through this farm, and crossing each other at right angles; one of these roads is 800 rods long, and the other is 700 rods long; the distance from the house to the intersection of the two roads, is 200 rods. How many acres does this tract contain?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ HORRIBLE ATROCITY!—Why is killing bees like a confession? Ans.—Because you subhuxam.

☞ Why is a child reading his alphabet and saying K instead of the next letter, like the air we breathe? Ans.—Because it is an L he means (element).

☞ Why is a bare-footed boy like a Greenlander? Ans.—Because he wears no shoes (snow shoes).

☞ When is a family worth tenpence? Ans.—When it has a Frank (franc) in it.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. ANAGRAMS—Sardinia, Herat, Glasgow, Bristol, Greenland, Utah, Patagonia, Mobile, Lima, America. MENSURATION QUESTION—960 cubical inches—the box being 12 inches long, 10 inches broad, and 8 inches high. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—28.66235 rods.